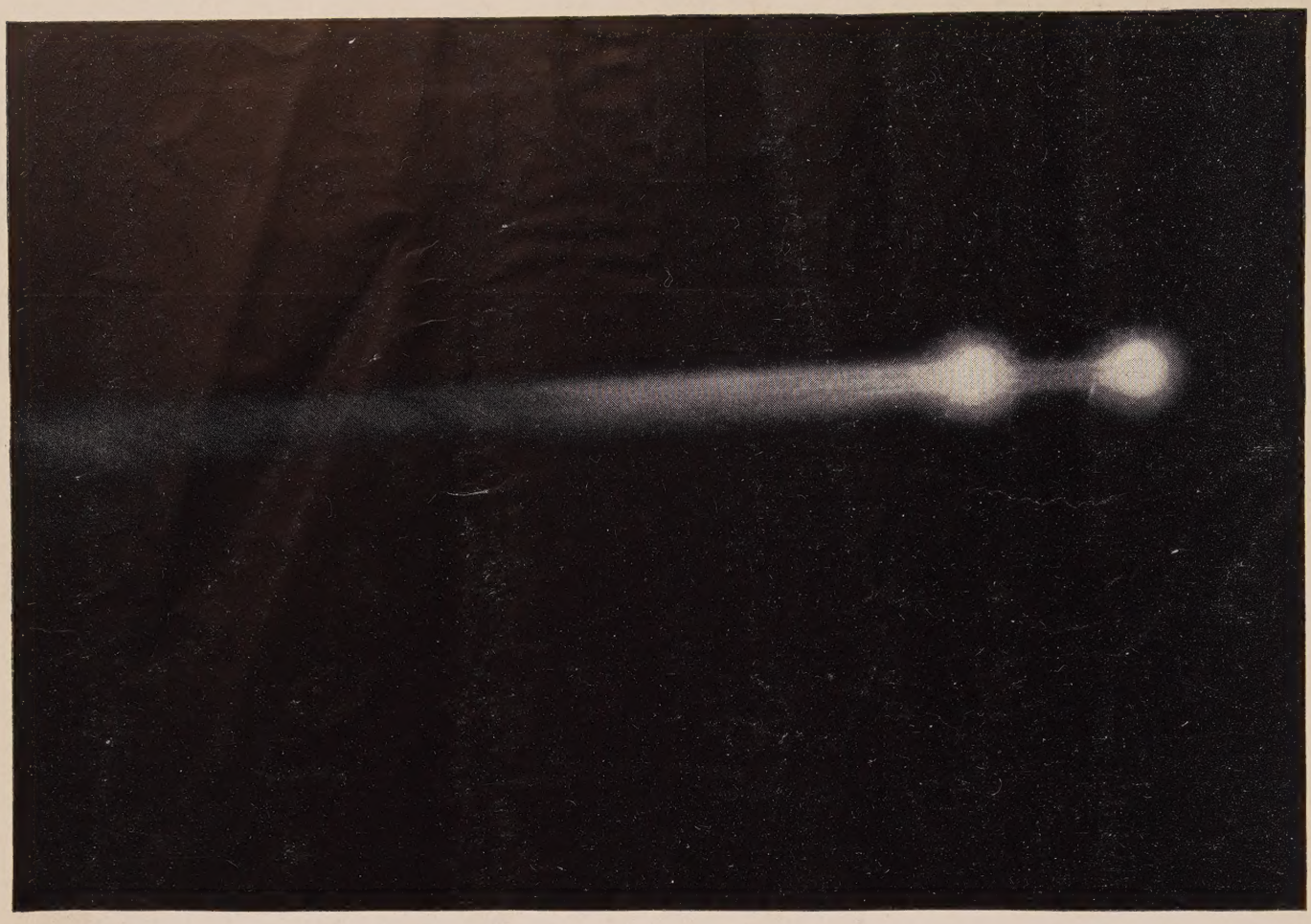
AUGUST 7, 1937

The Digest

VIEW OF REVIEWS

incorporating The Literary Digest

PROPERTY OF THE
LIBRARY OF THE
AUG 5 - 1937
WOMAN'S COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA



We who make whiskey say:

"DRINKING *and* DRIVING DO NOT MIX"

THIS STATEMENT may seem to work directly against our self-interest. But actually it does not.

It is very much to our self-interest to see that the privilege of drinking is not abused. It is to our interest to see that liquor is consumed as it should be consumed. Whiskey is a luxury and should be treated as such. When taken moderately...with a true appreciation of its taste, bouquet and character, fine whiskey brings a sense of friendliness and fellowship to social gatherings. But neither whiskey nor any other alcoholic liquor has any place at the wheel of an automobile. Drinking and driving do not mix.

This conviction must be shared by everyone who reads the newspapers and by every thinking person who drives a car.

Therefore, we invite you—in the interest of public safety—to join us in the crusade for safer, saner driving.

If you expect to be at the wheel of a motor car, we say to you: Think before you drink! *Don't drink before you drive!*

... THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM ...

Fine Whiskies Since 1857

Copr. 1937, Seagram-Distillers Corp.
Executive Offices, N. Y.

The Digest

REVIEW OF REVIEWS
incorporating
The Literary Digest

Albert Shaw, *Editor*
Albert Shaw, Jr., *Publisher*

August 7, 1937

Copyright, 1937, by
Review of Reviews Corp.

VOL. I NO. 4

CONTENTS

Cover by John Rogers

Editor's Mail 2
Steel Spiders 4
Story of a Week
The Nation • Foreign Affairs • Business • Science & Medicine • Sports • People 5
Scars and Scabs 13
Pro and Con 17
Funny Business 18
Progress (editorial) 21
Reading Around the World 22
Books in Brief 29
Movies 31
Spice of Life 32

Managing Editors: Howard Florance, David Page
News Editor: John T. Hackett
Literary Editor: John Bakeless
Foreign Editor: Roger Shaw
National Editor: Thomas K. Krug
Music Editor: Sigmund Spaeth
Movie Editor: Donita Ferguson

Associates: Frances Adams, Julian S. Bach, Roland G. Cueva, Richard Dempewolff, Richard Fiske, Gordon C. Hamilton, Vladimir Kalmykow, Agnes Lehman, Stephen J. Monchak, B. M. Newman, Clyde F. Newstrand, Jean Parker, Helen Price, C. T. Revere, Alice Soule, Christopher Vogel, James W. Wells, Rodlow Willard, R. Foster Worthley

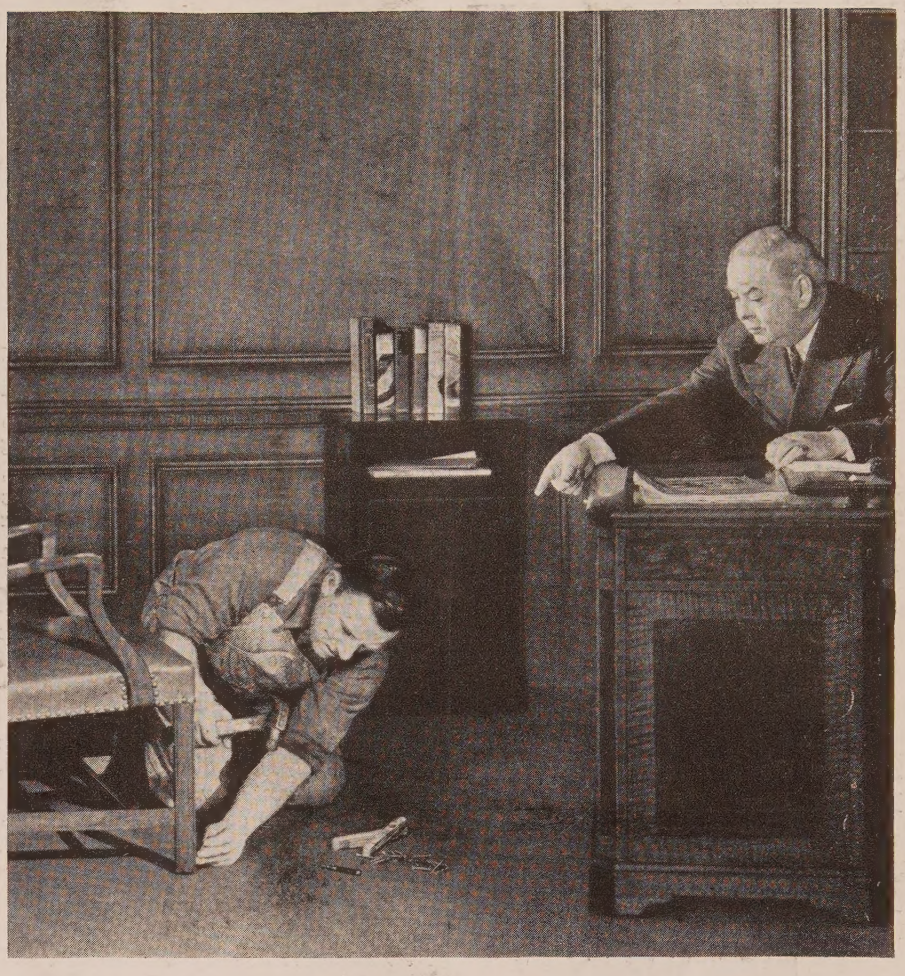
Art Director: Morrill Cody

Information for Subscribers

Terms: United States and Canada, $4 a year, in advance; two years, $6; 10c a copy. Foreign countries, $5 a year, Semiannual indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for renewal, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

The Digest is published weekly by The Review of Reviews Corporation, 233 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Printed in the U.S.A. Entered as second class matter, March 24, 1890, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Application made for registry of The Digest title in U.S. Patent Office and in foreign countries. The Digest incorporates The Review of Reviews, The Literary Digest, World's Work, Current Opinion, and Public Opinion. (Titles registered in U.S. Patent Office.)



So he nailed the chair to the floor

HIS sense of humor suggested it. But he really did it in self-defense; as a safeguard against that ever-present, eager type of salesman who pulls his chair up close, talks right into your face—and, too often, is an offender in the matter of halitosis (unpleasant breath). You know the kind. Most of the time, these well-meaning fellows are not aware of it themselves. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Don't Take A Chance

Fortunately there is a way to overcome bad breath—the regular, systematic use of Listerine, the safe, liquid antiseptic and deodorant, used as a mouth wash and gargle. Keep Listerine Antiseptic always handy in your home and at your office; and use it before business and social calls. This way you may be sure you are on the safe—and polite side; that your breath will offend neither a good customer nor a good friend.

Why Listerine Works

The fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth is the major cause of bad breath. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it produces. After its use, the entire mouth feels fresh, clean, and invigorated; the breath purer, sweeter. When you want to be sure, use only Listerine, with the antiseptic action so many mouth washes lack.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Missouri

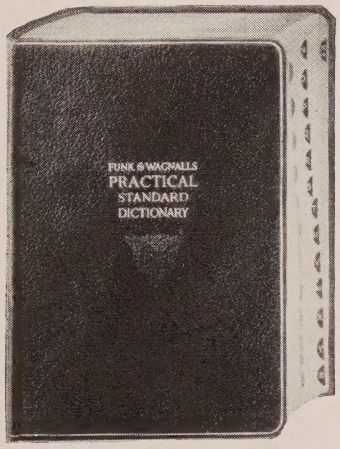
FOR HALITOSIS USE LISTERINE

P. S. *Have you tried our new Listerine Tooth Powder?* IT'S SOAPLESS!

YOU SHOULD HAVE IT!

In Your Home—In Your Office

Answers a million questions!



SUPERB FULL FLEXIBLE LEATHER BINDING, BIBLE PAPER, THUMB INDEX

The Funk & Wagnalls

PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY

The Largest Abridged Dictionary Published

An unequalled achievement in abridged dictionary-making—a truly marvelous book of information, the largest and latest abridgement of the colossal Funk & Wagnalls Unabridged New Standard Dictionary, which cost over $1,500,000.00 to produce!

Defines 140,000 Terms Embracing All the Newest; Includes 2,500 Illustrations; Contains 1,325 Pages, Making It the Largest and Most Up-to-date Abridged Dictionary in Existence. 12,000 Lines of Synonymic Treatments. 6,000 Antonyms. 1,900 Foreign Phrases. Vocabulary Arranged in One Alphabetical Order. Most Common Meaning Given First.

Think of it! This matchless dictionary—the newest and the largest abridged dictionary published—printed on Bible paper from new type, with thumb-notch index!

Full Flexible Leather Binding, Gold-edged Paper, Boxed, $7.50; Post-paid, $7.76

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $7.50, plus 26 cents for carriage charges ($7.76 in all), for which please send me THE PRACTICAL STANDARD DICTIONARY, bound in full flexible leather. 1727

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

FROM THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Pro

Philadelphia, Pa.—Time and again I have written your office commending you upon your excellent summary of world events, and the foresight you exercise in speaking of the trend of the times. Not too often, Mr. Editor, you critize our figureheads and governmental policies. Your statements most times bear a non-partisan tone.

But your criticism dealing with the emergency powers extended President Roosevelt is somewhat aggravating to a public that owes this man a debt of gratitude.

After all the good Roosevelt has accomplished by these discretionary powers, which could not have come about any other way, you dare to stand on your rostrum and alarm the public.—*W. J. Savarese.*

—and Con

New York, N. Y.—My wife and I are of the opinion that Franklin D. Roosevelt is incapable of overhauling our system of government and converting it into a smooth running mechanism.

We feel that he is the most incompetent president we have ever lived under. We feel that he has so violated his trust and oath of office that there is ample ground for impeachment.

He has created class feeling, disregarded laws for governing, and delegated authority by men rather than by laws already on the books. His encouragement to unincorporated labor organizations is deplorable.

I consider him the greatest menace to the country we have ever had in the White House.—*R. F. Souther, M.D.*

Bit in teeth

Atlanta, Georgia—I didn't run an exploring thumb quickly through THE DIGEST, but took it carefully a page at a time—much as a wary animal feels into a bridge crossing—a little scared to find what I must find. The tone of confidence in your opening note gave me my cue. With Dr. Shaw's "re-affirmation of those first principles," I knew your outfit had the bit in its teeth for a long, steady pull on familiar ground, headed for new goals of definite aim. It's great to feel, unreservedly, that you are doing a fine job.

I can think of no more satisfying measure of compensation for living than to be able to launch boldly into a new venture, flying with confidence the same half-century legend of principles and objectives. Dr. Shaw more than felt the pulse of the public in 1891—he again senses with genuine insight their present gropings.—*Frederick H. McDonald*

Reminiscence

New York, N. Y.—Yesterday I bought your new magazine, and spent a goodly portion of the evening going through it at our home in Atlantic Beach, Long

Island. The cool wind from the ocean, two hundred feet away, came in the windows, and as I read your statement of objective from out the past I recalled a visit with you, back in St. Paul and Minneapolis, when you were an established reporter and I a cub (now 70.)

The uncovering of hidden scandal in the strife between those two cities over the census count was the subject of our discussion. If you manifest the same warmth and sparkle as in the continuing vision I have of you, the success of THE DIGEST is an accomplished fact.—*George W. Tryon*

Journeyman

On the road—Congratulations on your first issue. It has an individualistic makeup, and no evidence of the boiler-plate fringe. I enjoyed it greatly, and know i will make great progress. Count me as a regular reader; I, too, am an editor—of the *Hobo News Review.—Jeff Davis,* King of Hoboes of America

Capitol hill

U. S. Senate—I have read the first issue of THE DIGEST, and am very much interested in your new venture. It is a good start.—*Rush D. Holt*

Perish the thought

Pine Orchard, Conn.—The front cover of your first issue interests but disturbs me. My sense of direction may possibly be wrong, but it looks to me, from my position behind the Statue of Liberty.

as though a large liner were going out, and a small tug coming in. I hope there is nothing symbolical in the picture.—*H. M. Whiting*

Reconnaissance

Westerville, Ohio—Cordial congratulations upon Volume 1, No. 1 of THE DIGEST. What you say, Junior, "To Our Readers"; also your more expanded definition, Senior, of the "Purpose of THE DIGEST," constitute a fine announcement, and the whole edition speaks with emphasis for itself.—*Howard Hyde Russell*

Torch song

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The new cover of your new magazine flamed from a stand in the Grand Central Terminal. Although reasonably certain that a copy awaited me, as a subscriber, at home, I was unable to resist the impulse to buy. I should have left the train at Atlantic Avenue, but became so absorbed in your bright, readable style, that the subway express train had reached the end of the line before I came back to earth.

It is a pleasure to note that you are still standing *behind* Miss Liberty and all she means to us.—*Frederick Shepherd*

Not guilty

New York, N. Y.—"This magazine will honestly endeavor, without fear or favor, without political prejudice . . . to repre-

sent the best that is said on all sides of all questions"—so says your editorial.

The "Story of a Week" section, however, hardly bears this quotation out. Its policy is clearly a reactionary anti-labor one. It attacks everything progressive and condones everything reactionary.

The man or woman who works for a living has nothing in common with your views towards labor. You can say goodbye to a potential reader.—*Michael Foster*

War chest donations

Laredo, Texas—In a recent issue of your publication appeared an article regarding the labor situation. You make reference to the fact that labor unions contributed five hundred thousand dollars to the re-election campaign of President Roosevelt; this fact has been mentioned time and again by leading journals.

The innuendo is that this contribution was made by labor expecting to receive special favors from the President if re-elected. In my opinion this is not true.

Labor contributed to the re-election of President Roosevelt, for the simple and only reason that Mr. Roosevelt in his first term as President of the United States gave the majority of the people, the working people, a fair and square deal, something they have not had in many years.

It is true, as you mentioned, that corporations are not allowed to make contributions of this sort. But what more do the corporations want, when the families of the owners of the corporations can make the contributions as individuals?—*Alex Heinz*

Tempus Temporum

Washington, D. C.—Accept my congratulations on the appearance and contents of Vol. 1, No. 1 of THE DIGEST.

I like your expression: "It has good blood and is of clean strain"; and the statement, "The offspring on its very first appearance will enter more than half a million homes."

May every hope and purpose of the father and sons and their associates be realized as you try to live up to the scope suggested by Bryan Mack: "You have a wonderful opportunity to fulfill the appetite of the modern citizen for the clear-cut presentation of facts, and a courageous and intelligent analysis of current happenings of the world." That is a large and difficult order when combined with the present-day radio and press speed.—*Grosvenor Dawe*

Newspaper Guild

Seattle, Washington—As a subscriber to THE DIGEST and a member of the American Newspaper Guild my enjoyment of your first issue was marred by a misstatement concerning the Guild:

"Last month the American Newspaper Guild, C.I.O. affiliate, began a drive for a nation-wide closed editorial shop."

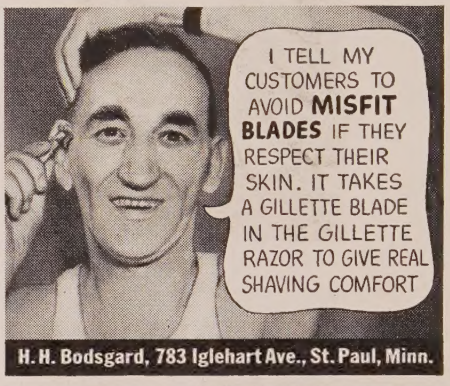
The Guild does not seek a closed shop. What it does ask is a Guild shop. Lest it seem that this is a distinction without a difference, I should add that under a closed shop an employer would be forbidden from hiring any person to whom the Guild objected. Under a Guild shop, however, the employer may hire whom he pleases, provided that such new employee become a Guild member. This proviso is a natural protective measure which would prevent the employer from packing the shop with non-Guild members, to the ultimate destruction of the Guild.

The publisher may hire anybody from George Bernard Shaw to Charley Oatmeal for the job of police reporter, and the Guild will not say him nay. When the organized publishers declare that the Guild is seeking to determine whom they shall or shall not employ, they simply are misrepresenting the facts.—*Joe Corbett*

"I Warn Men Against Using Misfit Blades"

—says St. Paul Druggist

Users Praise Teamwork of Gillette Razor and Gillette Blade


I TELL MY CUSTOMERS TO AVOID MISFIT BLADES IF THEY RESPECT THEIR SKIN. IT TAKES A GILLETTE BLADE IN THE GILLETTE RAZOR TO GIVE REAL SHAVING COMFORT

H. H. Bodsgard, 783 Iglehart Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

THE SCRATCHING I USED TO GET FROM MISFIT BLADES MADE ME SWITCH TO GENUINE GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR. BOY! WHAT A PLEASANT SURPRISE!

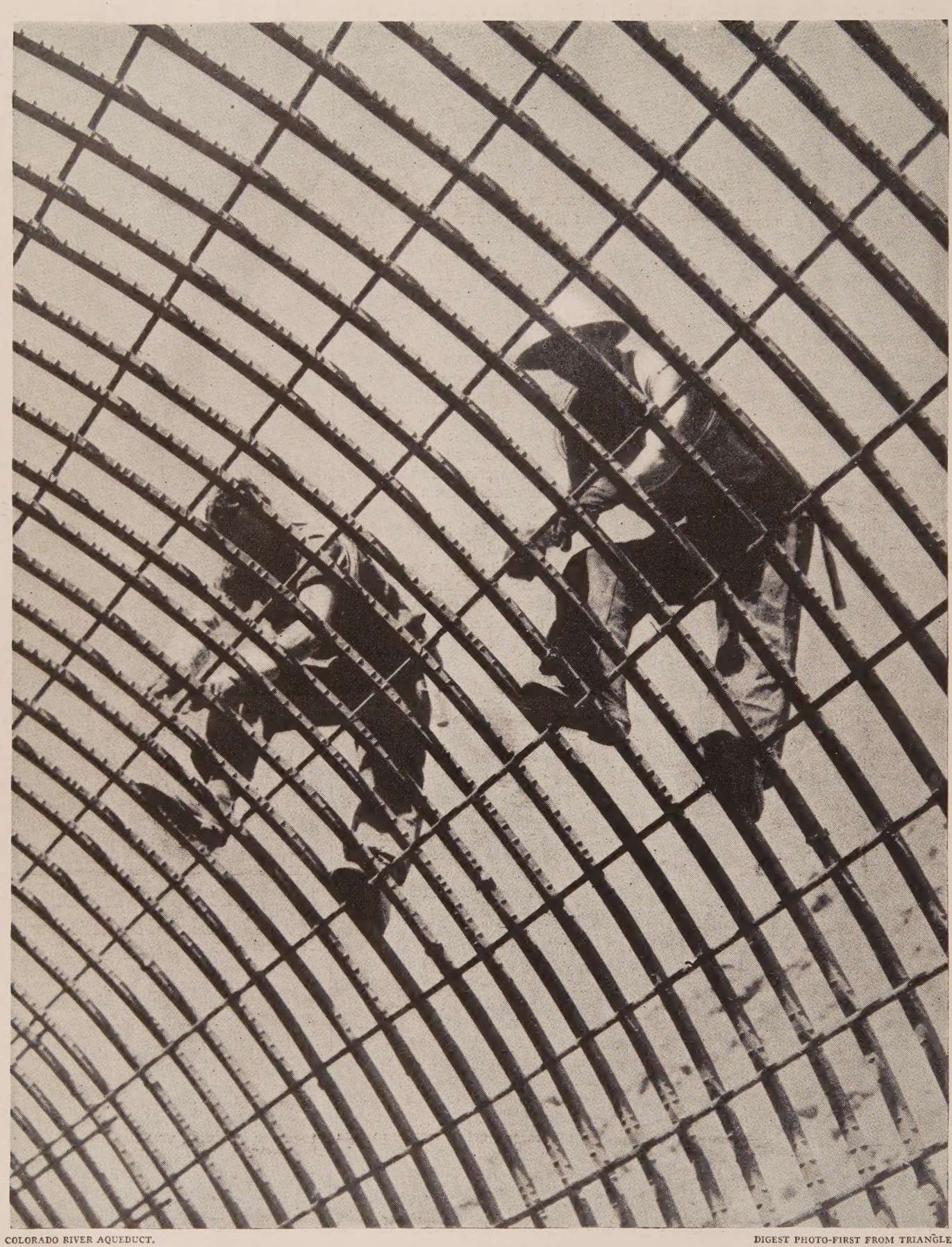
H. B. Miller, 5511 Wash. Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Enjoy The 'Teamwork' Shave *of a Gillette Blade in Gillette Razor*

MEN, if you are not enjoying real shaving comfort, you are probably using MISFIT blades in your Gillette Razor. The shaving edges of a misfit blade do not fit accurately in your Gillette Razor. Too much edge leaves your face raw and irritated! Too little edge causes the razor to skip over the bristles and you don't get a clean shave. Why experiment? The Gillette Blade and Gillette Razor are made for each other. They work perfectly together in giving you the best in shaving comfort. Buy Gillette Blades today!

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor



COLORADO RIVER AQUEDUCT.

DIGEST PHOTO-FIRST FROM TRIANGLE

STEEL SPIDERS

Story of a Week

THE NATION

CONTEMPLATING the public questions of recent weeks has been rather like contemplating Mt. Everest. To the average citizen they are too big, too fundamental, for comfort; exciting at first glance, they become overwhelming in the end. So now that the Supreme Court is safe and the huge steel strike is quieter, communities turn gratefully to questions of handier size nearer home. In Camden, N. J., the question is what to do about the crickets swarming all over the section fashionably named Pyne Poynt. In Yonkers, outside New York City, it is how to discourage run-of-the-Bronx hikers from roaming the streets in shorts. In Milan, Ga., it is how to galvanize crowds of ***loafers who set and whittle*** along Main Street. And then there is South Pittsburgh, Tenn. The question puzzling South Pittsburgh is how to reason with jail inmates who break out, get drunk, come back, and run the poor warden ragged carrying them ice water.

• •

ON THURSDAY, July 29, Thomas E. Dewey rounded out his second year as special prosecutor of racketeers in New York City. They have been ***two years of brilliant achievement*** for Mr. Dewey, two years of harassed unhappiness for Gotham's underworldlings. Of 70 Dewey-prepared cases settled by the courts, 68 ended in convictions, 2 in acquittals. The Dewey batting average is .971.

This second cousin of the hero of Manila Bay may soon be as famous as the lated feted Admiral. At 35, he is short, black-eyed, black-haired, with heavy moustache and eyebrows. A bit of a genius, he has the genius' capacity for taking pains. He prepares his cases with slavish care, then strikes. The lash of his legal whip has driven loan sharks, vice lords and policy kings by the dozen into prison or hiding. But his particular pet hate is the racketeer who victimizes labor unions and the restaurant, electrical contracting and other businesses, extorting tribute with stench bombs, sluggings, threats, and perhaps a quart or two of emery powder poured into the motor of a delivery truck. His latest convictions were won against four men, including a lawyer and two union officials, accused of conspiracy in the bakery racket. The general public applauds Mr. Dewey's onslaughts so heartily that he has trouble getting juries. Admiring talesmen, familiar with newspaper stories of his exploits, announce that they are too prejudiced in his favor to serve.

• •

WHILE Prosecutor Dewey is nailing the lid on such modernistic lawlessness as labor union and employers' association rackets in New York, G-men flock through the corn-and-cattle country to stamp out some old-fashioned banditry. The West had its bank-cracking, train-robbing Jesse James in 1867, its murderous, jail-breaking John Dillinger in 1934. ***Today it has Al Brady,*** hawk-nosed, sawed-off, self-styled successor to both.

Like Dillinger, Brady is a product of Indiana, vintage 1910. There three years ago, he was first arrested—on a vagrancy charge. There he has since been credited with ten assorted hold-ups, bank robberies, and jail breaks. Picked up on April 30, 1936, for killing a policeman while lifting $100,000 from an Indianapolis bank, he and two fellow bad men were bundled off to jail at Greenfield, Ind. While awaiting trial, they pounced on the sheriff one morning, slugged him unconscious, broke prison, commandeered a citizen's car, and escaped. Up to last week they were still eluding an elaborate dragnet, still forging hair-raising headlines for the Middle West.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE WEEK

A prosecutor convicts 68 out of 70	5
Who and what are NLRB	5
Chicago fights venereal disease	6
Still no peace for Democrats	6
Newport, Ark., gets on the map	7
Two masked aces in Spain	7
Communism in Central America	8
Religious strife in Jugoslavia	8
A building boom approaches	9
What do Americans drink?	9
Is the world going mad?	10
Look out for the comet!	11
Baseball experts OK	11
Cactus Jack Garner	12

The Labor Board

THE LETTERS NLRB mean National Labor Relations Board—but not much more to the average American. Last week's headlines told him that the NLRB was investigating a brawl at Ford's Dearborn factory May 26, a riot at Republic Steel's Massillon plant July 11, and a slew of less publicized outbreaks along the labor front. What kind of investigating? By whom? On what authority?

Mystifying to the layman, it was mere routine for the NLRB. Under the Wagner Act, signed by President Roosevelt July 5, 1935, employees are guaranteed the right to "form, join, or assist labor organizations, to bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing." The Act sets up a three-man board to determine which organization in a given

industry shall represent the workers, and to force employers to bargain with this chosen unit.

Normally the Board swings into action when workers file a complaint against their boss for "anti-union activity." One of the NLRB's twenty-one regional offices makes a preliminary investigation and—if it finds the charges well-founded—a formal complaint. Then a date is set for a public hearing before a "trial examiner." The Board may find the employer guilty and order him to stop. If he refuses it must take the case to a Circuit Court of Appeals and ask for a "cease-and-desist" order. If the employer continues defiant he becomes guilty of contempt of court and liable to punishment. Up to last week the Board had handled about 5200 cases since beginning operations in October, 1935. A total of 1,609,061 workers were involved.

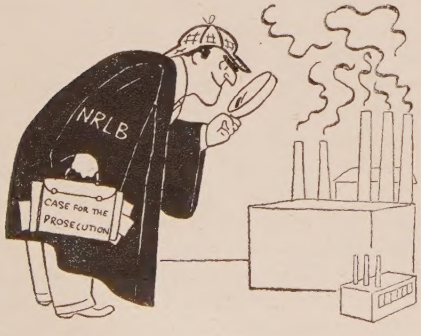
Though it has functioned for two years, though the Court has upheld some of its powers, the ***rights and privileges of the NLRB are still vague.*** It can order an election to determine the bargaining unit for workers in a plant, but is this right constitutional? It can make an employer listen to employee demands, but it cannot force him to comply. It can accuse a corporation of strike-breaking, but cannot make it sign a C.I.O. contract.

Last week the U. S. Chamber of Commerce after analyzing 200 NLRB decisions, criticized the Board for not providing "definite and consistent interpretations of the act which will enable employers to understand . . . their obligations and their rights." Other critics complain that as the Board now functions it is investigator, prosecutor, judge, and what have you, all in one.

The Labor Board-ers

"WE CAN NOT try any industrial dispute before a kangaroo court . . . The National Labor Relations Board has such a ***pronounced pro-C.I.O. bias*** that the average man regards it as an adjunct."

Thus Senator Nye, forthright North Dakotan, let fly at J. Warren Madden,



ex-teacher; Edwin S. Smith, ex-reporter, and Donald W. Smith, ex-steel worker, the three NLRB members and administrators of the Wagner Act.

Chairman Madden has heard the charge before, but balances it with the fact that the A.F. of L. recommended him for his post. Forty-seven years old, he has taught law at half a dozen universities from Pittsburgh to Leland Stanford. With this background he was inclined to look

at worker-employer relations from a detached, legalistic view-point when he joined the Board. After he had waded knee-deep into union-crushing, strike-breaking and labor-spying, his friends say, he was converted overnight into a hard-hitting liberal. Professionally he specializes in cross-examination. At home he specializes in Shakespeare and dotes on his two daughters and three sons who make up a family orchestra of piano, violin, 'cello, oboe, and clarinet.

Edwin S. Smith, a year younger than Madden, loves books and fancy neckties. A Harvard graduate, he covered a beat for the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican,* before specializing in employee relationships for such companies as William A. Filene Sons of Boston. Eventually he became Massachusetts' Commissioner of Labor and Industries. In 1934 he was called to Washington to serve on the Labor Department's old Labor Relations Board. From there it was only a step to the NLRB.

The other Smith, Donald W., earned a practical knowledge of working conditions by sweating out his summer vacations from high school and college in his father's steel foundry at Coraopolis, Pa. Pudgy, energetic, sharp-tongued, he was a well-established Philadelphia lawyer until Senator Guffey of Pennsylvania persuaded the President to appoint him to the Board last September.

War against syphilis

SINCE 1906-07 when Fritz Schaudinn discovered the syphilis microbe and August Von Wassermann a blood test to show its presence, scientists have known they can control venereal disease if the public coöperates. In 1910 Paul Ehrlich discovered salvarsan, "606," which makes a syphilis victim unable to transmit the germ.

But doctors have been faced with the problem of finding who the infected persons are. Many syphilitics, thinking themselves disgraced, feared to ask for treatment. Many did not even know they had the disease. In parlor conversation, syphilis was still a "social disease" and people blushed when they uttered the words.

When Thomas Parran, Jr., took over the United States Public Health Service as Surgeon General in April, 1936, he said in effect: "Let's call syphilis syphilis and let's get rid of it." Spurred by his drive, the biggest anti-syphilis campaign ever attempted in this country is now being made in Chicago where questionnaires are being mailed to the 3,500,000 inhabitants. In the first referendum of the kind in the world, Chicagoans are asked to answer, anonymously, the simple question: "In strict confidence, and at no expense to you, would you like to be given, by your own physician, a blood test for syphilis?"

The referendum will indicate the facilities needed to give the free Wassermann test to all citizens requesting it. They will go to their personal doctors, who will take the blood samples and send them under secret code numbers to testing laboratories. The doctor will confidentially tell his patient the result. A campaign will then be made for treatment of the infected.

Chicago was selected for the vote because it has a long record of public education in venereal disease. Already it operates two clinics where Wassermann tests are administered free. The Illinois Children's Home Aid Society has swung into line by examining its 2,000 wards. Dr. Parran has asked the 7,000 Cook County physicians for medical histories of all syphilitics they have treated. Last month the Saltiel hygienic marriage law went into effect in Illinois. It requires all applicants for marriage licenses to present physicians' certificates showing freedom from venereal disease within the previous fifteen days.

After the battle

WITH THE Court bill monkey wrench removed, legislative machinery on Capitol Hill started humming again last week. There were blueprints on hand for half a dozen finished products designed by the Administration. There was a new shop foreman, Alben W. Barkley, on hand to oversee the work in the Senate.

Yet no one in Washington expected the machinery to run smoothly for long. Congressional nerves were jagged after twenty-two weeks of bickering over Su-

preme Court enlargement. Senators and Representatives were sodden and weary from a hot, humid July in hot, humid Washington. They dreamed deliciously of adjournment; they were in a mood to pack up and light out for their front porch rocking chairs and shady swimming holes. Charles L. McNary, Republican leader in the Senate, announced bluntly last week that New Deal or no New Deal he would be Oregon-bound by August 5. "I think we are all going to be humanitarian toward each other," he predicted.

Democrats could only hope so. President Roosevelt, consoled by the thought that though the Senate had jettisoned his pet enlargement bill, he had "liberalized" the Supreme Court, wanted his followers to make a start on the "second New Deal." This included loop-hole plugging in the tax laws, minimum wages-maximum hours legislation, executive reorganization, reform of the lower courts, the Wagner housing program, a new AAA incorporating an ever-normal granary and crop-insurance machinery.

That was a big order. Big, even, for a united Democratic party, and the Democrats in Congress were by no means united. Senate leaders were just beginning to smooth out the feathers ruffled in the Court fight. Almost every one of the measures which the President considered "desirable" was loaded with dynamite. Reviving harmony could never survive another free-for-all hair-pulling such as

the Senate staged from February to July, on the issue of adding more justices to the United States Supreme Court.

Many experts are convinced that even with immediate adjournment there can be no lasting peace among the Democrats on Capitol Hill. Last week Arthur Krock, N. Y. *Times* Washington correspondent and one of the shrewdest observers of national politics, predicted: "The prospects are for continued and fiercer party battle, which could culminate in more bitter legislative wars and in a split between the liberal and conservative Democratic wings more acute than that of 1896 or that of the Republicans in 1912."

Old regulars return

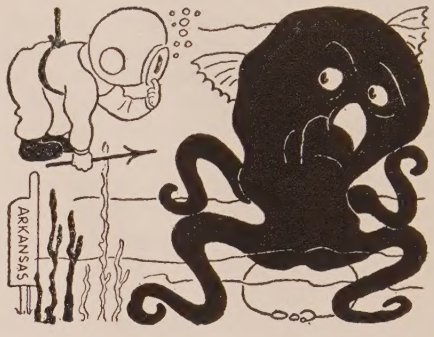
LAST WEEK was old-timers' week on Capitol Hill. From the beginning of this session, members of Congress complained that the President ignored their advice in shaping his legislative program and turned instead to a group of young brain-trusters, notably to Benjamin V. Cohen and Thomas G. Corcoran. But last week that program was in ruins—the Court bill dead, the wages-and-hours bill revolutionized, the original government reorganization bill probably doomed—and a group of old-time Democratic wheel horses, directed by the President, were ***trying to pick up the pieces.***

Up from Uvalde, Texas, had come Cactus Jack Garner (see page 12). Up from recent and relative obscurity came other knowledgeable oldsters—Pat Harrison, Alben Barkley, Key Pittman. Four seasoned Democratic politicos, seeking to save what could be saved. "The old reliables," Raymond Clapper, Scripps-Howard Washington correspondent, calls them with evident sympathy: "veterans of the smoke-filled rooms, men who know what to do when five aces show up in the game." General Hugh S. Johnson now can sleep o' nights. The "stark cleverness" of the brain-trusters had the articulate General worried; their "innocence of practical or horse-sense" put him in a fury; the "adroit obscurities" of the bills they helped to formulate nearly drove him wild. "An incarnadined junta of self-styled intelligentsia," he called them, in the most booming Johnsonian style. But the junta of the moment in Washington is a junta of another order. "Incarnadined" would hardly be the word for Jack Garner, Pat Harrison, Alben Barkley, and Key Pittman.

Arkansas monster

FOR sure-fire publicity there's nothing better than a monster. Ask the Newport, Ark., Chamber of Commerce. A month ago someone saw bubbles rising to the surface of a sixty-foot eddy in the White River, a few miles south of Newport. Someone else saw a big grey Thing that swished and tossed as it lumbered through the water. It was as wide as a buckboard and three times as long. One faction insisted that it was a sturgeon or an alligator gar (the inland counterpart of the shark). Others said it was an American Loch Ness monster. The usual skeptics and spoil-sports guessed it was nothing more fearsome than a sunken scow or water-logged tree trunk.

Two weeks ago the Newport Chamber of Commerce, loath to keep a waiting world in suspense, decided to stage a



monster-hunt. With an eye to the remunerative possibilities, the merchants fenced off the land around the eddy and invited Newport's 4,547 citizens (at twenty-five cents a head) to watch a diver descend to the river-bottom armed with a harpoon. A loudspeaker broadcast a play-by-play description. For those who tired of waiting for the diver to come up, there were an orchestra and a dance pavilion. Newport had a grand time, but by last week could give ichthyologists nothing more definite than ***the Thing at the bottom of the White River*** was not a scow.

If the sleepy little Arkansas town wants to become the new monster capital of the world, its Chamber of Commerce has to do some considerable plugging. When people think of monsters they think of Loch Ness, Inverness, Scotland. The world's most notorious Thing, "Nessie," has been "seen" twenty-one times since it first bobbed up in 1934.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

TO THE rebels go the spoils of a highly successful counter-attack on the Madrid front. The loyalists are back on their doorstep, 15 miles west of besieged Madrid. Rebel bombing and artillery fire (Italian-directed) keep blasting loyalists out of their recent gains, as Spain's murderous war continues at a rapid-fire, crucial pace.

Madrid, then, is the "where of it." The "who of it" are two new military men: "General Garda" (rebel) and "General Douglas" (loyalist). These deadly ***pseudonyms mask two ace airmen,*** the minds behind the present air offensives. "General Garda" is General Mario Bernasconi, an Italian just back from the Ethiopian war. He now directs most of Franco's air force, improved lately by additional German bombers. His loyalist counterpart—"General Douglas"—is a quiet Russian whose name remains unknown, but whose abilities are considerable.

The "why" of the present blood and thunder is the need to bring the conflict to some decision. So long as rebels and loyalists fight indecisive rounds, Europe's high-powered diplomats cannot risk putting on steam. The Spanish cauldron is too hot for anyone to take the final leap—open intervention with more men and materials—until the chance of coming out on top is sure.

Meanwhile, French and English diplomacy hardened at repeated accounts

("categorically" denied) claim that Italy is secretly establishing a naval air base in the Balearic Islands and that Germany is constructing long-range gun emplacements in Spanish Morocco. Neither London nor Paris is willing to let such possible bases further jeopardize their already weakened positions around Gibraltar and in the Western Mediterranean —the "life lines" of the empires.

Neath the bananas

THE THREE northernmost Central American "republics"—***Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras***—inaugurate a three-sided pact against "communism": for mutual protection against "disturbing" elements seeking refuge just out of reach. Thus do the banana states stand together under their dictatorial top-generals: Ubico of Guatemala; Martinez of Salvador; Andino of Honduras.

Strong German and Italian pressure, behind the scenes, also makes these three states (plus Nicaragua) bent on withdrawing from the League of Nations.

Says Senor General Tiburcio Carias Andino of Honduras: "News from Spain has excited passions, and for that reason our government has had to exercise more vigilance." He keeps in jail between 1,500 and 5,000 political opponents. His rule rests on 3,000 soldiers, 3,000 policemen, and 19 airplanes. His bayonet-

sitting is shaky, for the banana business is not so good, cut in half by blight.

The red-baiting northern three—Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras—are on excellent terms with jumpy Japan, which in turn has a red-baiting pact with nazi Germany (November, 1936).

Design for hate

JUGOSLAVIA is nominally an orthodox country. Yet her Orthodox priests and workingmen are attacked by the police when they parade through the streets.

The trouble goes back to 1935. Jugoslavia's dictatorship then signed ***an amazing concordat*** with the Vatican. Catholics—37 percent of the population —got educational and political privileges which the Orthodox 49 percent is itself denied. Now comes the question of ratification! The bayonets of the police have broken up each religious demonstration, injured scores, fractured the skull of one bishop, and seriously wounded one parliamentarian. Meanwhile the Orthodox church, utilizing its strongest weapon, excommunicated all Orthodox cabinet ministers and politicians who favored ratification when it passed the lower house. The crucial senate tussle has yet to come.

The real trouble, however, is not religious, but political. Jugoslavia, a veritable "league of nations," is composed of mutually antagonistic Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. The Croats and Slovenes are Roman Catholic, plainsmen, European; the Serbs are Orthodox, mountain-folk, Balkanite. Like our North and South in 1860, no love is lost.

But in politics the Slovenes, as a third party, play off Croats and Serbs against each other. Today Slovenia gets its relative peace and prosperity by cleverly helping Serbia dominate Croatia. Here lies the clue to the present "holy war." For the moving spirit behind the unpopular concordat is Father Anton Koroschetz, minister of the interior, a Catholic priest and hack politician from Slovenia, whose political craftiness tells him to play up the discontented Catholic Croats at the expense of the Orthodox Serbs. Through this strategy (of which the concordat is only a surface manifestation), the present regime hopes to weaken the united Croat-Serb political opposition by splitting it on religious issues.

Jugoslavia's "design for living" goes from bad to worse; for there is no Reno to settle this unhappy triangle.

Russo-Germany?

RELATIONS between Russia and Germany are now exceedingly complicated, for in each country the dictatorship has been at odds with its own army. Furthermore, while the two dictatorships shake their fists at each other (Stalin versus Hitler), the ***two armies*** (Red and Prussian) have been ***on very good terms.*** Their close friendship dated from the Rapallo Conference of 1922, when Russia and Germany were post-war underdogs and the Allies were king-pins. Even after red-baiting Hitler came to power in 1933, Red army and Prussian continued to confer happily.

The Prussian general-staff dislikes "blowhard" Mussolini and intervention in Spain, but tolerates Hitler because it favors the rearmament which he promotes. It laughs at communism (a mania with Hitler) and favors coöperation with Russian resources. Russian generals, in turn, have opposed "capitalist" alliances with France and Czechoslovakia, as they sneered at Russian membership in the "capitalist" League of Nations, which came in 1935. If Germany fought in the West, they wanted to stay out—subsequently sending the Red army against *both* sides, battered into exhaustion and revolution. These were the historic tactics of Lenin and Trotsky and the old Bolsheviks; they were communist tactics, but *not* Stalinite tactics. Hence the untimely deaths of Marshal Mike Tukachevsky and seven other leading generals.

Frederick the Great's Prussian army is too strong for any Hitler to tamper

with. Its independent leaders exercise a sane and moderating effect on German foreign policy.

Far Eastern slants

A WELL-AIMED hand grenade, and North China will explode. Japanese troops and re-enforcements face Chinese garrisons near Peiping. ***A truce*** (see July 31 number), signed between Tokyo and General Sung Cheh-yuan, head of the semi-autonomous Hopei-Chahar provinces in North China, is fast becoming another scrap of paper. China's central government, in Nanking, doesn't recognize its validity. Ignorant troops and hot-headed commanders up at the "front" forget about it to take pot-shots at each other. Back home, the diplomats make diplomatic (hence, meaningless) speeches of reconciliation, which are promptly punctuated by sporadic bombing and rifle-fire.

The nub of this potentially volcanic situation is the Chinese central government. Will it fight for its right to control North China? Or, will it capitulate to Japanese demands through some face-saving expedient? The decision rests with one man: Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, a great soldier, but an even greater realist. Chiang has modernized his army and air force, but are they ready? Chiang doesn't seem to think so; hence, his conciliatory moves. The vigor of Chiang's words are only equalled by the docility of his actions. Like China herself, Chiang is fighting for time.

The rub of the situation is Japan. Will she make North China a warring front or simply a "new frontier?" The Jap general staff is wary of coming to blows with 400,000,000 Chinese; for China, like Russia, is tactically a spider's web. Jap soldiers could march far and handsomely, but would they ever return to tell their glory? Rather than run this Napoleonic risk, Japan prefers to replace open hostilities with economic and political warfare. Hence, the catch-clauses in the present local truce. If Nanking O.K.'s it, she wins peace today at the risk of war tomorrow. For who, but Japan, will judge whether China keeps her word by fighting

communism and ending anti-Jap agitation? These catch-clauses are wide; so wide that they leave plenty of room for future trouble.

Here and there

It is announced that Russia will possess 100,000 parachute troops by the end of this year! They are ***infantry of the air,*** the last word in modernistic warfare. During Soviet maneuvers at Minsk, White Russia, parachutes dropped by airplanes deposited 1,200 men, 150 machine-guns, and 18 cannon some 100 miles behind the "hostile" sham-battle-front in 10 minutes flat.

Russian planes are black-painted Moscas and Chatos whose speed is 225-250 miles per hour. They have 9-cylinder, air-cooled motors of Wright-Cyclone design, built in Russia under American license. Such are 50 miles an hour faster than German Heinkel war-planes.

Victory, however, does not always go to the newest, fastest equipment. At famous King's Mountain, in 1780, British irregulars had brand-new Ferguson breech-loading rifles firing four shots per minute. The American hillbillies used old muzzle-loaders firing one shot every fifteen minutes. The fire ratio was 60:1 in favor of the British—who were virtually annihilated by the Americans.

• •

For the third time, triumphant Dr. ***Eamon De Valera*** is elected president of the executive council of Eire by vote of the Dail, or Eirish parliament. The verdict in favor of the Spanish-sired, Gaelic-speaking New Yorker was 82 to 52. Dev's anti-British party was aided by the Laborites, the combination defeating ex-President William Cosgrave's mildly pro-British party. Earlier in the month, Dev's exciting new Eirish constitution won a general election and popular referendum (see July 24 number). Dev now is 55 years old—by training a scholarly professor of mathematics.

• •

August Groebler, official Prussian headsman by the horrible ax method, retires, aged 70, and is succeeded by the French-type guillotine, hitherto used in the Frenchier parts of Germany. Invented in 1789 by kindly Dr. J. I. Guillotine, the machine was designed to promote ***humanitarian executioneering,*** à la Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. It was first perfected on sheep, then on monarchists, finally on reds.

Merrie England used to use headsmen with bloody axes. Said Voltaire, "It is enough to remember the executions of Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Catherine

Howard, Queen Jane Grey, Queen Mary Stuart, and King Charles I, to understand that the mission of writing the history of England does not belong to the historian, but to the butcher." Now John Bull hangs, while Russia shoots, America electrocutes, and Estonia poisons by the classical hemlock cup.

BUSINESS

Building activity

To the average person, three signs of better times are the facts that more people are getting married; families, who doubled up during depression (to scrimp on rent) are now proceeding to undouble and to rent separate quarters; people today want larger, more commodious living quarters.

To Cornell Professors George F. Warren and Frank A. Pearson, writing in the current issue of *Fortune Magazine,* these three factors, together with others, are contributing to a building boom in the United States—a boom that will reach its zenith in 1943.

The United States, Canada, and Germany are approaching a building boom, the economists declare, England, Scotland and Sweden a construction slump. As for the United States, they find that there has been a continuous eighteen year cycle for building construction since 1830. The last peak in building construction was reached in 1925, say the two professors, and the ensuing low point has just been passed. Now we are on the way up.

Dealing with the immediate picture, F. W. Dodge Corporation, surveying 37 states east of the Rocky Mountains, reports that new building construction for the first six months of 1937 totaled $1,494,314,000, a gain of 21 per cent over the $1,237,341,000 total for the same period last year. Residential construction gained 54 per cent, increasing from $334,-845,000 to $516,652,000.

For the metropolitan New York area, the gains are even more striking. Here building construction so far this year totalled $250,014,700—46 per cent better than last year, and more than twice as great a gain in comparison with the average for Dodge's 37 states as a whole. Residential construction jumped from $68,744,100 for the first half of 1936 to $110,377,300 from January to June of this year—a gain of 60 per cent. This is 11 per cent better than the average gain for the whole thirty-seven states.

What do we drink?

Were you to dissect the average American tippler in terms of what he drinks, you would find him to be composed of 27 parts beer, 2 parts liquor, and 1 part wine. Analyzing his liquor content further, it is three-fourths whiskey, one-fourth gin, rum, and brandy.

The money Americans annually spend for liquor accounts for a $500,000,000 distilled spirits industry, five times as great in capitalization as in pre-war days. Its 100-odd companies are scattered throughout the country, although 90 per cent of the industry is concentrated in Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

Big Three among United States distillers are National Distillers Products Corporation (Old Overholt, Crab Orchard), Schenley Distillers Corporation (Wilkens Family, Golden Wedding), and the Canadian corporation of Distillers Corporation - Seagrams, Limited (Seagrams' Crown brands). These three account for 60 per cent of the industry's output. The Canadian corporation, Hiram Walker - Gooderham and Worts, Limited (Canadian Club, G and W) and the American company of Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated (Four Roses, Paul Jones; distillers of one-fourth of all medicinal whiskey during prohibition), also are sizable.

Distillers today differ as broadly from their pre-prohibition predecessors as do drinking habits then and now. Two decades ago, distillers merely concerned themselves with the production of raw whiskey, which they passed on to rectifiers who diluted it (first with water to reduce the alcoholic content from 180 proof to 100 or less; and then with other mature whiskies), and retailed it to the public. Today distillers do their own rectifying, and distributing as well; hence have problems of competition, Government regulation and anti-wet sentiment which provide a perpetual hangover.

Alhough 3.2 beer is legal in the driest of states—Kansas and Oklahoma—and wines are legal as well in Tennessee, Mississippi, and Georgia, it is the remaining forty-three states (and the District of Columbia) which are "all wet" as far as distillers are concerned, figuratively as well as literally.

These forty-three provide distillers with a statistician's nightmare. Twenty-six have state license systems, wherein liquor is manufactured, distributed and retailed by private dealers licensed by the state. Fourteen more have monopoly systems, under which state stores sell packaged liquor. Wyoming has a monopoly of wholesalers, but permits retailers to be

licensed by counties. Alabama and North Carolina are largely dry, but permit counties which voted wet to set up state liquor stores. In addition, the federal Government licenses all distillers.

Further to complicate matters, distillers (as well as brewers and wine growers) are subjected to discriminatory legislation in one third of the forty-three wet states, which hampers the importation of alcoholic beverages made in others.

To consolidate distillers into a united front, the Distilled Spirits Institute, Inc., trade association of the industry, was formed in 1934. Head of the institute is short, slim Dr. James M. Doran, who was Commissioner of Prohibition between 1927 and 1933, and who has found time while working to acquire three college degrees. Associates of Dr. Doran term him not only "a gentleman, a scholar and a judge of good whiskey," but the only one capable of consolidating the warring factions within the industry. Typical of this two fisted, spunky little man is the motto that hangs in his Washington office: "KWITCHERDAMBELIAKN."

To some liquor men, 450,000,000 gallons of liquor stored in distillery warehouses (twice as much as in pre-prohibition days) present a problem. They view this as excessive, as over-production.

Others less concerned argue that it is due to the assumed pent-up demand for liquor, which did not live up to expectations. They view it as a normal approach to an equilibrium to be reached when consumption reaches its natural level.

Liquor taxes (whiskey, wine, and beer) have become the second best revenue pro-

ducer to the federal Government, topped only by income taxes. During 1936, federal revenues on domestic liquor alone totalled $569,081,000 and state taxes $252,345,476—together, $821,426,476.

In terms of a gallon of whiskey, the federal Government levies taxes totalling $2—irrespective of quality. To this the states add an average $1.60. Average price of a gallon of whiskey is $8, or $1 a pint. Thus, for a dollar pint of whiskey, forty-five cents goes in taxes.

Liquor men argue that if taxes were reduced, people would buy more legal liquor and bootlegging would be wiped out altogether. To prove their contention, they point to the post-Civil War period. Between 1866 and 1868 the average federal tax on a gallon of whiskey was $2. Between 1869 and 1872 the average tax was 50 cents. During that latter period per capita consumption increased one and a half gallons, federal revenues an average of $10,000,000.

Tastes in liquor have changed since the War. Two decades ago, blended whiskies were the most popular drink and were taken "neat." During prohibition drinkers turned to bathtub gin (alcohol plus juniper berry juice), corn liquor, and "stuff right off the boat—scraped off." Today, due to preferences of women and effects of prohibition, more cocktails and highballs are consumed.

Three things have not changed since the War: East of the Alleghanies is Rye country; west is Bourbon country. Southerners prefer drinks with a smaller alcoholic content than do Northerners.

Crop surplus

LARGEST crops of wheat and cotton since 1931 affect the market in opposite ways. Wheat stays high in price, $1.16 per bushel on Tuesday of last week, while cotton loses more than a cent to less than 11 cents a pound.

Four lean wheat years had not only wiped out our annual exportable surplus but had left the carry-over dangerously low. Yield in 1933 was 529 million bushels (previous five-year average 864); in 1934, 496 million; in 1935, 603 million; in 1936, 626 million. This year's estimated yield is 882 million, possibly less according to latest unofficial estimates. Normal consumption is 650 million bushels. Europe always wants wheat, especially in war time or preparedness-for-war time.

Four lean cotton years in the United States, however, due to crop control, were notably accompanied by increased production abroad. Foreign-grown 10½ million bales in 1932 became 18 million, probably, in the crop year that ended July 31. A U. S. yield of 14½ million bales of cotton, currently indicated by "a White House spokesman," will be one million more bales of American cotton than were consumed by the mills of the world in the crop year just ended, 2½ million more than in the previous season.

SCIENCE & MEDICINE

MOONSTRUCK human brains constituted the freshest enigma before the International Congress of Psychology, meeting last week at the Sorbonne, Paris. Lunacy's enigma was livest because Spanish madness had for ten months inhibited this meeting, first scheduled for September, 1936, at Madrid; because current attacks on lunacy are the most exciting gains in psychiatry's saga; because society's whole scheme against the world-overhanging gloom of insanity had just been set forth (July 19-25) by the International Congress on Mental Hygiene, also convening in Paris.

Mental hygienists are public-health conscious mainly through American efforts—of the International Committee for Mental Hygiene, conceived by Clifford Beers (its present general secretary) while winning an earlier organization: that of his own mind, for years buffeted by asylums' old-fashioned dismalness.

So psychologists were wide-awake to public-health problems, giant, vital, but familiar to few laymen; had heard the hygienists call for help. Sick psyches' maintenance, and loss of earnings, cost the United States nearly a billion dollars each year. One out of every 22 persons spends part of his life in a mental hospital. Now almost 500,000, the population of our mental hospitals annually ascends 15,000. Another 500,000 need to be hospitalized today, cannot be: accommodation is wanting.

But the world is not going mad. Population is increasing—the host of insane naturally increases too. Population is aging—hence a greater incidence of senility-cases need not be alarming. Diagnoses of mental disease are broader—include many mental conditions once ignored; are being more readily made: old, wild dreads of a diagnosis of insanity are being dispelled. Too, added hospital facilities make for added admissions. Improved care of chronic psychotics prolongs their lives—death does not so quickly empty beds. Still, our swirling machine-age does rattle its toll. Neuroses (milder mental disorders) are indeed on the upsurge, perhaps also certain (few) severest psychoses (major disorders).

Psychologists reasoned deepest, most darkly, concerning unreason's basic causes. ***Organic psychoses*** are definitely known to have physical causes; are almost half of all psychoses; include syphilitic psychoses (10 per cent of new admissions to hospitals), senile and arteriosclerotic (hardened-artery) psychoses (20 per cent), alcoholic psychoses (4½ per cent), and psychoses due to drugs, pellagra (a vitamin-deficiency disease), accidental injuries.

But ***functional psychoses*** have no known physical cause—even elude any scientific definition. And dementia praecox or schizophrenia ("split personality")—wherein mentality is grossly, mysteriously, disorganized, retreats into an elaborate dream-world—alone accounts for 20 per cent of new mental cases and *half our incurable psychoses.* As mysteriously maddened, manic-depressives — usually alternating from glee's zenith to melancholy's nadir—are a further annual 12 per cent of all new psychotics.

Stupendous intricacies these—and convening psychologists still vainly hearken to multi-varied theories for exposition of

basic causes, for unfailing cures. Freud? True, the unconscious is important. Precisely how? Psychologists again rest uncertain. Sex? Merely part of the story—what particular part, again none can show. Psychoanalysis? Beneficial in some neuroses; of doubtful value in psychoses: its cost—averaging $75 to $125 per week, for many weeks—prohibits mass use.

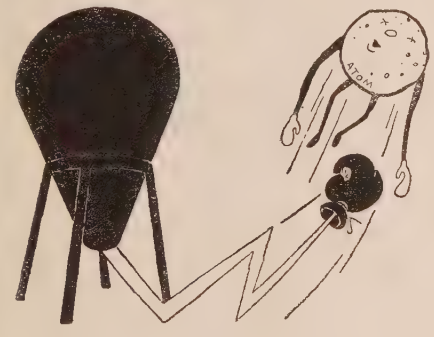
Factors reëmphasized as indubitably important to mental state: proper nutrition, physical hygiene, family and cultural backgrounds, morality, economic security, security from war-horror.

Most meaningful, most hopeful recent progress: Novel physical (i.e., physiological) methods effect at least some startling cures of functional ("psychic") disorders. Thus, once hopeless schizophrenics do (at times) snap back to normality after insulin shocks—comas induced by insulin injections which sharply reduce blood-sugar. Too, other types of schizophrenics rise to par following camphor-injection shocks. Surely other drugs will do yet bigger marvels.

Psychologists homing from Paris must muse: How on earth do *psychic* causes react with *physical?*

Mighty atom-smasher

BULLETS to burst atom-hearts will soon be hurtling at 100 million miles an hour from a ***mighty electric gun*** now hulking nearly complete at Westinghouse's East Pittsburgh research laboratories. Poised 65 feet above ground, the 47-foot-



long, 30-foot-wide pear-shaped mass of steel forms a tank housing a high-voltage generator and a powerful, 40-foot vacuum tube. For safer insulation against man-made lightning—5,000,000 volts and up—air within the tank is under pressure of 120 pounds per square inch.

Underground is a concrete vault wherein (in certain experiments) the lightning will be forced to wreak its most dangerous havoc—at maximum safety to human Joves.

The hurtling bullets are the tiniest known bits of matter: electrons (negatively charged), protons (positive), neutrons (most destructive, since electrically neutral). These, in three separate beams, will speed from the tube's end to smash into their inch-wide, circular targets—made of various sorts of atoms, whose hearts, profoundest secrets of physics, will be smashed. All this to discover mysteries not even guessable today. Possible discoveries: Leads towards (1) more efficient transmutation of elements (as mercury into gold); (2) the limitless energy-sources locked within atoms' cores.

August phenomenon

A HITHERTO unknown big comet, discovered last month by Swiss astronomer Finsler, wheels steadily nearer to the earth, swims this week into the ken of the unaided eye. It is to be seen close to the second star of the Big Dipper's handle, there to attain about August 10 its maximum brilliancy and its nearest approach to us—50 million miles, slightly more than half our distance from the sun. This rare visitor has developed a luminous tail, whose beauty at first seemed lacking—believed lost to solar influence centuries ago, perhaps on the comet's last visit.

Though outdone by the grandeur of Halley's 76-year-cycling phenomenon—"compared with which the moon appears as dead"—this stranger is welcome, will repay our attention with novel hints of the secret origin of its family, most puzzling members of the solar system. With orbits of vast extent, often sixty times the distance of Neptune from the sun (nearly 3 billion miles), these bodies, sometimes diaphanous of head and sometimes solid, can disappear as mysteriously as they come: may be slung by distant Jupiter (now our evening "star") to abysmic outer space.

Other comets are broken up by solar pull. Their fragments then shower us recurrently with streaking meteors. Biela's famous comet twinned in 1846; the twins

later exploded into billions of pieces. Now, each late November, Biela's bits swarm as shooting stars through the earth's night.

Will comet and earth ever collide? The adverse odds are perchance 300,000,000 to 1. Too, few comets have nuclei of dangerous size or solidity, though the fairly solid nucleus of the Comet of 1843 was 5,000 miles across. Immeasurably grimmer catastrophe stalks the street.

SPORTS

BIG LEAGUE baseball last week swung past the half-way mark. Pre-season prognosticators, thumbing over their selections of probable pennant winners and runners-up, found they were batting much better than .500.

In April the Associated Press poll favored the World Champion New York Yankees to retain the American League title; the St. Louis Cardinals to win in the National League. The Yankees, after a shaky start, went into first position in June, have remained there since. The

Cardinals, on the other hand, letting the experts down, are in fourth position.

Setting the pace in the National League are the Chicago Cubs (picked in the spring as third-place finisher), closely pursued by the New York Giants, 1936 winner. Thus the Giants, a second position prediction, are running true to form. Pittsburgh's Pirates, fourth place selection, are in third place hot on the trail of the Giants. Fifth are the Boston Bees, sixth place prediction, followed by the Brooklyn Dodgers, seventh place selection. The Cincinnati Reds, fifth place choice, are in seventh place, with the Philadelphia Phillies last as predicted.

Picked to finish fifth in the American League, the Chicago White Sox have fooled the experts, alternating with the Detroit Tigers in second position. The Tigers had been selected to wind up in second place. The Cleveland Indians, third place choice, collapsed after a fine early season, are now fifth. Boston's Red Sox, going along with the experts, are fourth. Washington Senators, St. Louis Browns, and Philadelphia Athletics, are sixth, seventh, and last, as predicted.

Thus does baseball run true to form. In the American League the dopesters' 1, 2, 3, and 4 are actually 1, 3, 5, and 4 at midseason. Their 1, 2, 3, and 4 in the National League are 4, 2, 1, and 3.

A cup comes home

COMING BACK to the United States this week is the Davis Cup, emblematic of the world's tennis championship. Though it goes always to a winning team, rather than to an individual, it is often won by the efforts of a single player. An exception was the reign of France's

three musketeers—Lacoste, Cochet, and Borotra. Possibly another exception was the seconding of Fred Perry by Bunny Austin, both of whom beat our own Allison and Budge in the 1935 challenge round. Last week this U. S. No. 1 player, red-headed and freckle-faced Donald Budge, won his two singles matches in the final round against Great Britain, and paired with Mako to win the doubles—duplicating his slaughter of the German team a week earlier; and the Davis Cup comes home after ten years' absence. Though Parker helped, it was a one-man triumph.

PEOPLE

ENTER handsome ***Anthony Eden,*** at 40, England's youngest and most dapper Foreign Minister in 84 years. As the white hope of British idealism, he muddled through sanctions against Italy, and now non-intervention in Spain.

He has been called everything from a "jellyfish" to a "fighting flea," yet he won a Military Cross at Ypres, when at 19 he was the youngest adjutant in the army, and at 23 the youngest brigade major. Today, avoiding the next war, he sticks to his policy of "stall and rearm."

When Eden is not trying to settle other folks' quarrels, he is usually playing golf or reading French classics and modern poetry. In Paris he browses incognito in art shops and among bookstalls. Like Blum and Delbos, and now Hitler (self-appointed), Eden is an authority on painting. His collection of Cézannes is valuable, his personal friends are mostly

artists, and Eden himself is a trustee of the National Gallery.

He works hard—sometimes 16 hours a day—smokes volcanically, and drinks some scotch, though he has to watch his heart. Occasionally he attends movie premiers, especially if Garbo is starred.

After graduating from Oxford, in 1922, with honors in Oriental languages, Eden traveled in the Near and Far East, mastered six oriental tongues, and wrote a pallid book ("Places in the Sun").

His rapid rise in politics began in 1923, when he defeated his Socialist aunt in a Parliament election, and then married her attractive step-daughter. Because of work, their honeymoon lasted one day. Mrs. Eden shuns publicity, tends to her home and two sons (named after Eden's two brothers, killed in the war), and is already known as a "diplomat's widow."

Eden—with his infectious smile, graying hair, delicate hands, military moustache, and fastidious dress (the black Eden Homburg hat is named after him)—flys about Europe administering caution to hot tempers, while taking pills to keep from getting air-sick.

• •

Fred Andrew Stone, tall, grey-haired, unassuming, but an actor nevertheless, is about to experience life in a trailer camp—on location for RKO's new picture, "Rolling Stones." Fred will have the leading role, and at least two of his three talented daughters will support him.

Born and bred on a Colorado ranch, Mr. Stone made his entrance in show business standing on his head on a wire. At the age of nine he was doing "five-a-day" in the sawdust rings of a carnival road show. Later he signed up with circuses and beat a path back and forth across the continent until 1900, when he met Dave Montgomery. The two young troupers decided to team up, pawned all available assets, bought tickets to Chicago, and launched their career as "hoofers." The Montgomery-Stone team gained international fame, finally storming the country with their never-to-be-forgotten "Wizard of Oz" and "Red Mill."

Planning to improve his routine with a rope-skipping tap dance, Fred advertised for a lariat expert to teach him tricks. Who should turn up but Will Rogers. The two became close friends, with a mutual interest in flying. When Stone was rehearsing for "Three Cheers" in 1927, he cracked up and was seriously injured. Doctors said he would never walk again. He not only walked but danced!

Despite Hollywood's reputation for unsuccessful marriages, Fred Stone has been happily married for 33 years. His daughters—Dorothy, Paula, and Carol—have made their stage and screen debuts with equal success. In fact, their famous father walked at the end of the family parade to the silver screen.

Fred Stone is an expert trap-shooter, winning tournaments against the best guns in the country. He boxes occasionally, plays baseball, swims and dives with the enthusiasm of a schoolboy. Today, at sixty-three, he stands on the threshold of a new and promising career in pictures.

• •

"IF THE President's course should take him to a political Hades, I will be at his elbow inhaling the sulphurous fumes," said ***Vice President Garner*** a few years ago. Last month, when the President's course on Supreme Court enlargement took him to a political Hades, Vice President Garner was at his elbow inhaling the sulphurous fumes.

Up from Uvalde, Texas, came Cactus Jack to warn the President that his Court bill was dead, to save his face in so far as an angry Senate permitted, to reform the shattered ranks of the Democrats. Congratulated, he said: "I am a soldier; when my party calls I always respond."

Shrewd and able, the Vice President nevertheless prefers the role of Throttlebottom to that of party leader. He likes to think of himself as a hick from the sticks in danger of losing his shirt to city slickers. A sunburnt Texas Coolidge, he has a face like a pink-cheeked hawk, with a hooked nose, jutting white eyebrows and eyes as blue, though not as guileless, as a baby's. He talks freely and affably, but keeps a secret like a safe. Everybody knows that he is out of sympathy with the President's more leftward leanings, but no one ever proved it. He himself, he says, is a hard-headed business man, who has built up a modest fortune and intends to hang on to it. President Roosevelt calls him Mr. Commonsense.

He lives a commonsensical life, never makes a speech if he can help it, rarely dines out, rarely stays up after nine o'clock. He rises at six, dons whatever clothes his wife Ettie lays out for him, breakfasts on griddle cakes, bacon, and coffee, claps an old slouch hat on his head, and sets out to reach his office at 7:30. When possible he flees from Washington to Uvalde in the Rio Grande country. There the Garners occupy a house at the head of West Mesquite Street where the Vice President amuses himself by setting bantam hens on pheasant eggs, playing ferocious poker with cronies, picking pecans off the ground to reduce his waistline, and planning fishing trips.

He came to the vice-presidency after thirty years in the House, where he eventually was elected Speaker. Born in the traditional poverty he had, he says in Who's Who, "limited sch. advantages." Such as they were, however, the sch. advantages seem to have been sufficient.

Obituary

James Ramsay Hunt, M.D., professor of neurology at Columbia and consultant in neuro-psychiatry, 63, July 22.

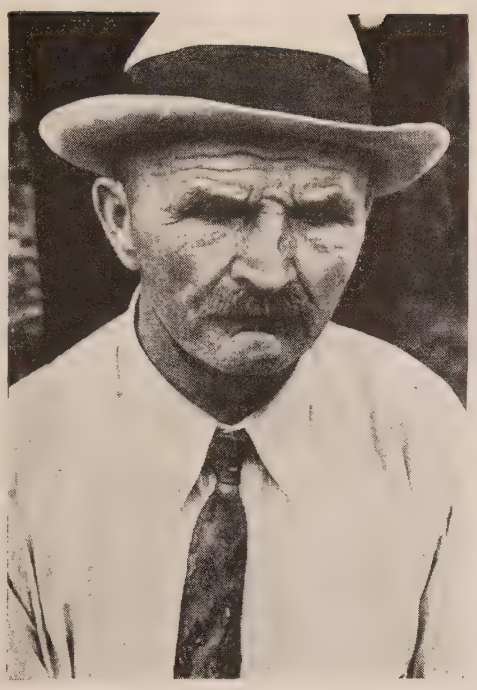
John A. W. Haas, D.D., president emeritus of Muhlenberg College (Pennsylvania), 73, July 22.

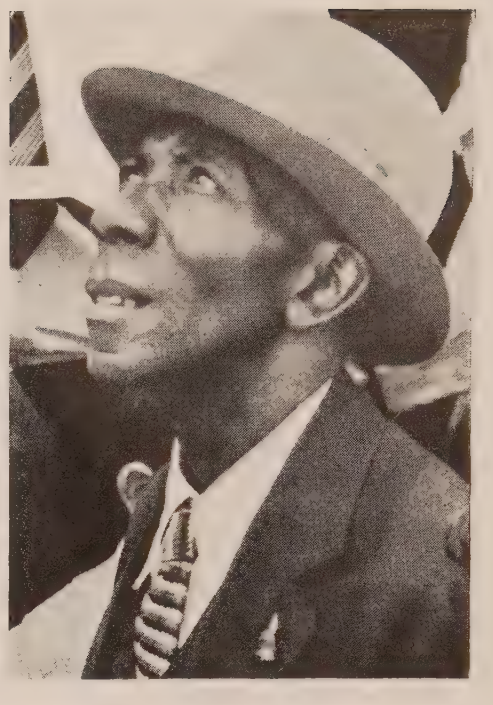
Anning S. Prall, Federal Communications Commission chairman, former Congressman from New York, 66, July 23.

Gabriel Szakatch, inventor of the flame thrower used by Germans in the World War, 44, July 23.

Sir Charles Saunders, who developed a successful variety of wheat for western Canada, 70, July 25.

James J. Dooling, leader of New York's Tammany Hall, 44, July 26.





Grizzled, determined, wondering, workers cannot find a solution

SCABS and SCARS

JOHNSTOWN in Pennsylvania has seen itself disfigured under a layer of debris left by the flood. Today it feels the weight of what it cannot see, the invisible, insidious social debris left by the strike of its mine and mill workers. Flood debris is soon cleared away; strike wreckage needs years.

Johnstown has a long memory. Bitterness left by the 1919 strike, lost but not forgotten, was revived when the first cry of "Scab!" rang through the narrow valley where Bethlehem Steel plants sprawl magnificently in all their smoky glory.

Sharp lines of demarcation, almost as precise as battle lines, have been cut through the population of the city. In the ranks of the various groupings further gaps and divisions occur.

Among business people, banded together in solid opposition to the strike, splits appear. Among workers a break in the ranks was obvious only a few days after the strike began. Families were torn apart—brother battling brother, with sore heads and sore hearts. Husband and wife became antagonists, goading each other across the dinner table. Even children chose their sides. Neighborhoods have been divided, until conversation is both a risk and a major occupation.

The F family is typical of the staunch union group. The F's have four young children. Frank, the husband, has been working in the mills for twenty-five years. Mary, the wife, is the daughter of a miner. They are a religious family, humble and honest. What they want is a chance to feed and clothe their children and themselves, perhaps to buy a small house where there might be a garden, where soot would not pollute the air.

Frank's pay is $60 to $65 every two weeks—*if* he works five days a week. He has rarely experienced a year when he did work full time through the fifty-two weeks. During four years of depression he averaged $15 every fortnight, and was ineligible for relief.

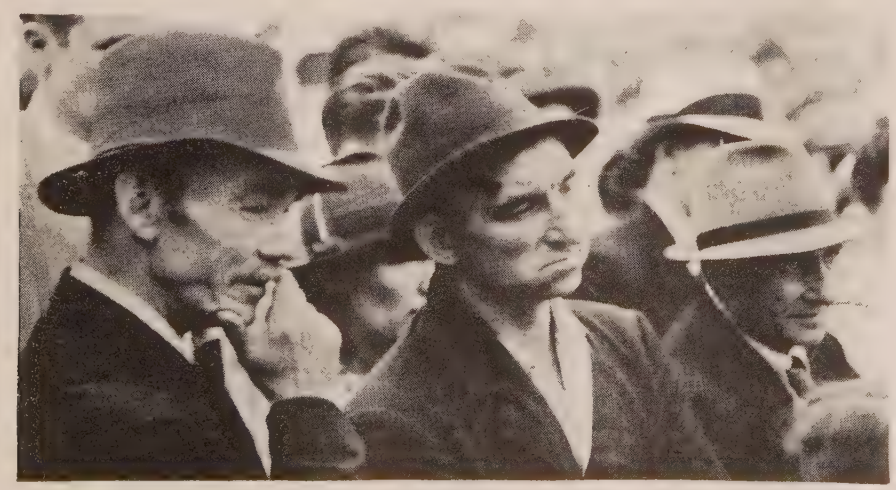
"Sure it's worth it," said the F's. "Maybe we suffer and struggle for a few weeks, months even. But when we get the union, we'll have a contract, steady work, good pay, no worry about the slack season. That would more than make up what we could lose on strike."

Frank has a simple explanation.

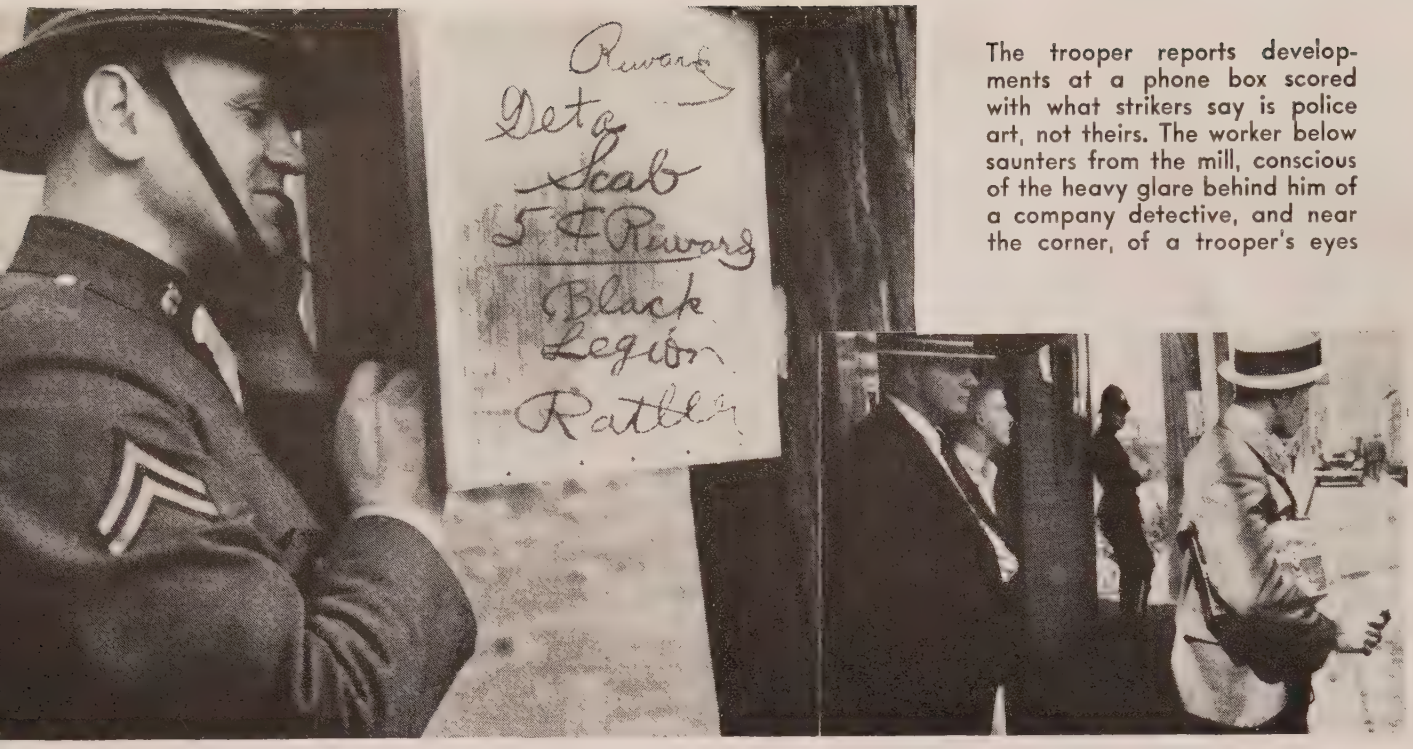
"I work piecework. Some days I make two dollars, some days seven. But on the day I make two bucks I'm there the same hours as the day I make a real pay. If you got friends or relatives who are bosses, you can make your pay every day. That ain't fair. I got no friends, no relatives bosses. So I need the union.

"I'm back to work now. It said in the paper that if we don't go back we lose the jobs. But if I see a picket line I don't go to work. I picket too."

"If only everybody would stick to one another," said broad-faced Mary, "the union would win and everything would be all right. Some of them stayed in the plants and got twenty dollars a day with food, and twenty-five cents an hour for sleeping in the plant. The dirty scabs! Their wives are saving money, while we



Union men speak, and these, miners, mill hands, smile or glower



The trooper reports developments at a phone box scored with what strikers say is police art, not theirs. The worker below saunters from the mill, conscious of the heavy glare behind him of a company detective, and near the corner, of a trooper's eyes

haven't enough for milk for the kids.

"I know it's because they just don't see it. I know that's the reason, but I can't help hating them. Because they stay in, or go back to work the minute a company man comes to the house and talks soft to them—because of them we maybe won't get the union.

"Our kids, us, we'll never get nothing without the union. If Eugene Grace can get a million-dollar bonus we can get decent pay. Now we don't know when the company cuts us. Whenever they want to. Even the priest don't like the scabs.

"When the miners was coming to town for the meeting some of the scabs went to the priest and told him: 'We're gonna leave town today. The miners are comin'.' The priest give it to them. 'What do you men think,' the priest said in church that day, 'miners are beasts? Miners ain't human? No one has to leave town.' You see, even the priest says labor has the right to fight for its rights.

The F family lost three weeks' pay. That ate a hole in their meager savings, savings intended for the down payment on that house they want. There was no relief for them, no help from the union while the husband was on strike. They would not ask for relief for they thought they could squeeze through the crisis. They will move as soon as they can manage it. They will join the caravan of strikers moving from their old homes because other families on the block were scabs—and they never speak.

"When you get in bad with the company," said a grey-haired young Irish woman whose four children tumbled about her, "and you don't get the union, you might as well start packing. My husband was out three months in 1919. We had to go to Altoona then, stayed there for years until they'd forgot and he could get a job in Johnstown again.

"Now, I don't like the radical stuff. I thought it was wrong when they took every stitch of clothes off one fellow and he had to run naked down the street. But they didn't hurt him and they kept him from going to work. That's not so bad.

"The fights—that's different. I hate fights but they can't be helped. At least no one was killed. The dynamiting—I hate to say it but I've heard it from so many people and you can't help seeing it could just as easy be true. They say whoever did the dynamiting knew the pipes pretty well, so well he must have been the one who laid 'em."

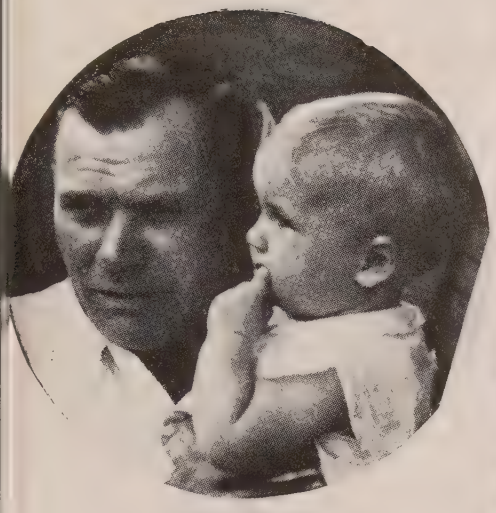
In one family two brothers, both mill workers, close and affectionate, living next door to each other, will never speak again unless a miracle should occur. One brother remained at work, the other was an enthusiastic union member. The loyal worker attempted to ridicule his brother into returning to work, and was ordered out of the house for his pains.

"Get out," said John, the striker, "because I don't want to hit you. Don't come back till you're a union man."

Enmity is not confined to any single group touched by the strike. Loyal workers and their families—those contemptuously called "scabs" by the others—accuse still other families. Distinctions arise even among the loyal workers; men who returned to the mills after two weeks draw a line between themselves and those who did not respond to the strike call.

"I believe in the union to a certain extent," says Charles W. "I know they call me a scab, but I was out two weeks. Take the fellow across the street, he never come out at all. I know if the union don't

Mayor Shields, publicity-minded, studies himself with FDR



win the company's going to cut hell out of our wages.

"I had to go back. I didn't want to—in a way, that is. I'm no company man, and nobody can call me one, but who's going to take care of us? We got to eat. I got a child. My wife's sick. I got to keep up the payments on my car. The union isn't giving no relief, the poor board won't give me relief. I own property, so I guess I could never get relief. Still I won't join no union till I'm forced to. That's just the way I see it."

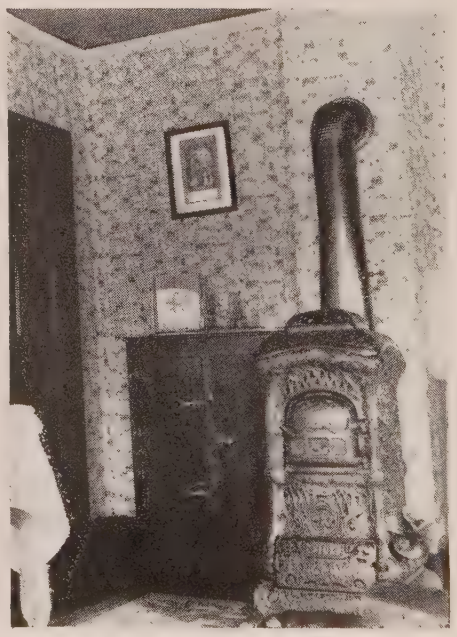
One buxom, red-haired wife interrupted a conversation in Morrellville.

"Yah," she gestured heatedly toward her grey-haired husband, whose face was deeply lined with many years in the mills, "he saw them pickets an' come home. Never moved out o' here till I chased him to work. Two weeks' pay he lost, and maybe his job too. We got seven kids. They gotta eat, don't they?"

She brandished a strong arm. "You didn't get the union yet, did you? You

The F's, typical Johnstown mill worker family, strike for steady work, for food for their four babies, for a decent home with a garden and fresh air, for the right to live respectably. These things they hope to secure if the union gains a signed contract with the mills. No squalid home, no soot, nor scab neighbors would trouble them after Der Tag

DIGEST PHOTO-FIRSTS
BY ALAN S. HACKER



Gone with the whistle, these mill workers break into a run

make me sick. What'd you need a strike for? You were gettin' good pay these last coupla months, better than since before the depression. What'd you need a union for?" She left in disgust.

The husband sighed. "She don't understand. They only been raisin' us the last six months. Only because they knew there was organizin'. That's all. I'm not a member of the union. But I know if we could have an election the union would win. We want to be protected against the cuts and the slack season.

"I went back because the Bethlehem put in the paper that if we didn't come back by a certain date we couldn't come back at all. But then they didn't take every one back. Lots of men got sent home, told they'd send for us when they need us. I'm not for or against the union. I just know that if we could get the C.I.O. we'd be all right."

A majority of the loyal workers interviewed were unanimous in their conviction that their wives would have failed to persuade them to return to work if relief had come from any source.

The State Emergency Relief Bureau set up three additional emergency stations, where applications were received after the second week of the strike. At the main office applications were pouring in at the rate of 600 a week, where the average had been 50 applications weekly.

"The mill strikers who live in Franklin and Conemaugh," said James Garvan, County Supervisor of the S.E.R.B., are hardest hit because they never have credit at their grocers. They deal at chain stores, where there is no credit. Large families in those sections felt want almost at once. But they had received pay after they went out on strike, and we are unable to give relief, except in severe emergencies, until two weeks after the last pay is received."

With relief held off until a month after the strike, the city's Community Chest was powerless, being without funds to carry the burden and being under pressure from that part of the community opposed to the strike. The churches for the most part are too poverty-stricken to give relief to their parishioners.

"They make it more difficult for us," said Roger Ormond, local Executive Director of S.E.R.B., "by opposing the giving of relief to strikers. That sentiment exists because the community has failed to see the major issues. The business people are blinded by selfish interests, fail to realize that acceptance of some unit as the collective bargaining agent would stabilize labor relations and also stabilize purchasing power."

John Truhan, grocer of Cambria City, one of the most dismal residential sections, states his views thus:

"I don't say the men should go back to be treated badly. But they ought to end the strike because they are destroying the business people. I give credit to all my customers but I can't give it forever. I have to pay C.O.D. for my merchandise."

David Glosser, head of one of the city's two large department stores; admitted that he had had to send home many of his employees, that his business had fallen off at least 40 per cent, and that of his remaining employees many worked only half time during the strike.

"They had no reason to strike," said the proprietress of one of the leading hotels. "It wasn't fair to the town. Most business people haven't yet recovered from the depression and the flood. When there's no Bethlehem pay in Johnstown there's nothing. We can't stand it. I hate the word striker. It's all the fault of Washington."

The owner of a bar and restaurant, an establishment with a large back room where there is ordinarily dancing "For Couples Only—No One Admitted Without Own Escort," complained bitterly:

"Where I did a hundred dollars' worth of business before, I'm doing five now. Not allowed to sell liquor. Can't sell food because no one has any money. I know the strikers are my customers but they had no right to do it. No right at all."

The owner of a fruit and vegetable market insisted that there hadn't been a strike, not really.

"They didn't want to strike. Only a handful of foreigners and radicals did it. We're forgetting it. But it almost killed us business people. We can't stand it. There really wasn't a strike here. Get that straight, just the radicals, that's all."

The Chamber of Commerce does not view the situation in the same light as the S.E.R.B. Lawrence W. Campbell, secretary of the Chamber, said:

"The huge losses and all the suffering were caused by the attempt of the C.I.O. to subject this community to the wishes of 10 per cent of the employees of Bethlehem. The loss can never be retrieved. The unfortunate situation is not completely ended. It will continue till such time as the minority is convinced that law and order must prevail, and until the cause they are fighting for is merchandised to the workers on the basis of facts that warrant the workers' joining their organization."

Campbell's opinion is that the C.I.O. will never be the agent to achieve peace "unless it revamps its whole structure and assumes responsibility."

"There would never be peace in this city," said Campbell, "if the C.I.O. should get a contract for its members. We have reports from other industries where the C.I.O. has contracts. The union immediately tries to force all non-members to join, threatens the men who refuse, makes life and work intolerable for all. Accidents occur constantly because the men do their unionizing on the job."

Mayor Daniel S. Shields, who says that everything is running smoothly, feels that "Johnstown has proved to the world that it is made up of God-fearing and law-abiding citizens. The strike is merely evidence of the discontent and unrest throughout this country. The only way out is legislation, adhering to laws already in existence."

But Mayor Shields balks at the idea of an election in the mills.

"Hold an election? Why, Bethlehem wouldn't have to do it. They could refuse to recognize the National Labor Relations Board. Even if they did hold an election, the men are so satisfied that they would ignore it."

Mayor Shields recognizes, when pressed, that feeling still runs high and that some solution must be found. A union of local origin and character, he said, would be acceptable to the company and was what he hoped would emerge to guarantee satisfaction for both sides.

—*Frances Fink*

PRO

In favor of legislation permitting easy divorce

TO MANY the degradation of justice and its processes is necessary for the fulfillment of the strict letter of a moral law established when customs were different and the power of authority more uncompromising. The result is "institutionalized perjury," and it is time to eradicate this deeply harmful hypocrisy by the establishment of a rational and uniform system of divorce laws based upon the beliefs and practices of the vast majority of the American people seeking or contemplating divorce actions.

—*New York World-Telegram*

IF YOUR grounds for divorce in New York are actually cruelty and non-support, the only way in which you can obtain release from a New York court is to indulge in collusion with your husband—hire him a woman and a room in an hotel and apprehend him there with a detective and call your husband's non-support adultery!

—Fannie Hurst in *Divorce*

THE MOST usual ground for divorce ought to be one which at present is allowed in few countries, namely, mutual consent. The law of Britain, like that of New York State, lays it down that there shall be no divorce if both parties desire it. This is inherently absurd: there is nothing that makes a marriage of which both husband and wife are weary, better worth preserving than one which still seems good to one of the parties.

Moreover, as every one knows, the law gives rise to evasions and perjuries: the great majority of divorces are, in fact, obtained by mutual consent, though lawyers and judges have to pretend ignorance of this fact.

It would be far better to bring the law into conformity with what is really done, since it is impossible to bring practice into conformity with the theory of law.

—Bertrand Russell in *Divorce As I See It*

CRUEL, barbarous, theological, and antiquated divorce laws assume a lack of stability, decency, and responsibility in human beings. But irresponsible and unstable persons always behave as they choose. Fear may influence them, but there are ways to freedom that the law cannot prevent. My plea is for a divorce law that will suit the needs of adult men and women who have the not unnatural view that they can solve their own problems better than the courts.

—Arthur Garfield Hays in *The Nation*

THE CHURCH, in theory at least, and mostly in practice, maintains a strict and unbending attitude, which obliges men and women to remain in marital bondage after their complete incompatibility has long been proved. And this spiritual tyranny can only be maintained by the support of the man of the world, whose leading motives are very different.

—Henry C. Corrance

PRACTICAL experience in Denmark, Norway and Sweden shows that divorce by mutual consent, with some reservation, is not destructive of social morality.

Our legislatures are not squarely facing the issue:—shall we retain divorce laws which invite collusion, perjury and mockery of the courts; laws which militate against the poor and make a public show of people's private affairs; laws, finally, which, by their narrowness in some states, make it profitable in other states to set up commercialized mills? Or shall we revise our divorce laws to conform with the ways of society?

—Dorothy Dunbar Bromley in *New York Times*

CON

Opposed to change which would make divorce easy

IN MANY cases divorces are not contested because the defendant hasn't the money to hire a lawyer skilled enough to present an adequate case, or because the defendant, because of the evidence, feels sure of losing the case anyway or has objections to washing dirty linen in public, or because the defendant, having been served by publication and not having read the right newspapers, doesn't know about the case. It is undoubtedly true that collusion often creeps into divorce cases, but it is too broad a statement to say that divorce by mutual consent has been the general practice in the United States for the last fifty years and ought to be legalized.

—*The Jersey Journal*

THE PROPOSED lax law of divorce holds the most important position in the law of domestic relations and gives out false notions under the authority of law. It deals with the bond of the family, and so sheds the light of its doctrine on the family much as the laws of homicide do upon the value of human individual life. It both mistakes and cheapens the bond of marriage and leads to the neglect of the interests held within the tie. It casts the shadow of a baleful influence over the whole problem of the nature and work of the family. It disintegrates at the very point where there should be compression and the force that comes of a vital union. Instead of correcting, it hastens the individualizing tendency of modern law.

In this lax divorce law we have a false remedy that both intensifies the evil it aims to relieve and puts off the cure and powerful help we may expect from a true system.

—Samuel W. Dike

LOOSE and easy divorce is actually a form of polygamy. Otherwise ethical standards collapse and souls become emaciated; immoral practices multiply and destroy body and brain and enthrone anarchy.

The church must not condone or compromise on anything which hits at the ideal sought. Contract marriage and easy divorce eat into the high morality of the church's rules. If the church closed her eyes to such laws, the legislators would conclude that the lofty ideals proposed were unsound. Thus the church's aims and teachings would be discounted; and lower and more sensual ideals would rule.

Easy marriage and easy divorce preclude all possibility of the development of discipline. That which is priceless is the self-control which enables us to hold back the flames that threaten to shrivel humanity!

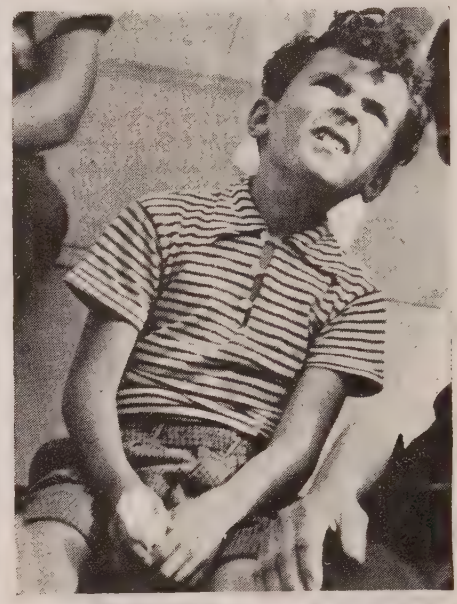
—Christian F. Reisner in *Pictorial Review*

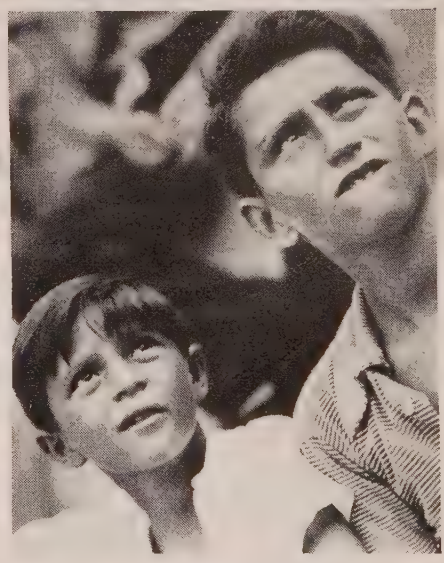
AND THERE came unto Him Pharisees and asked Him, Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife? tempting Him. And He answered and said unto them, What did Moses command you? And they said, Moses suffered to write a bill of divorcement, and to put her away. But Jesus said unto them, For your hardness of heart he wrote you this commandment: But from the beginning of the creation, male and female made He them. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife: and the twain shall become one flesh; so that they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder. And in the house the disciples asked Him again of this matter. And He saith unto them, Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her; and if she herself shall put away her husband, and marry another, she committeth adultery.

—St. Mark x. 2-12

The ferris wheel has long been a romantic spot in the air for happy lovers

He flies through the air with the greatest of ease, does the daring young man on the flying trapeze. At him these youngsters gasp and stare in awe, their shining teeth revealed with their every emotion





Funny Business

DIGEST PHOTO-FIRSTS BY MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

MAKING whoopee sets Americans back approximately $8,000,000,000 a year. Some $400,000,000 of that sum is spent for roller-coasters, ferris-wheels, merry-go-rounds, caterpillars, and sundry standbys of the amusement park industry. Spent also are the fun-seekers at the end of the day.

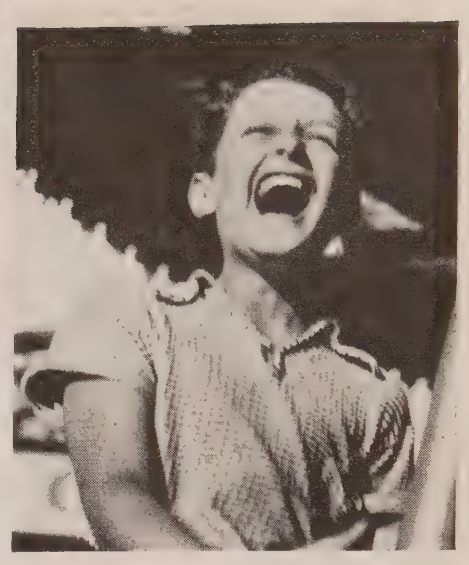
Nearly every large city has within hitch-hiking distance a park devoted to the less subtle types of amusement. Added to these are the itinerants, the caravan carnivals which plague the police.

Foremost of amusement spots is the Coney Island of New York; foremost spot in Coney is George C. Tilyou's Steeplechase Park—now operated by the founder's three sons for the benefit of between two and three million other persons a season and a nice profit. Season runs from late May to late September.

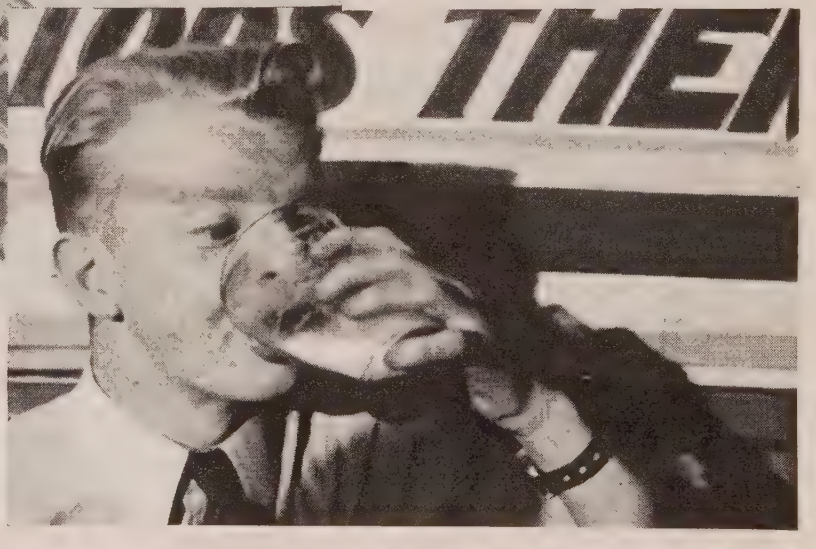
George C. was the originator of the amusement park business. His father owned the first hotel on Coney Island beach when George, still a schoolboy, began making the wild waves pay. Souvenirs he made of bottles of sea water, boxes of sand, shells, curious stones. Graduating to a higher class, he ran a stage from Coney Island to Sea Gate, after which he drifted into real estate.

It's a barrel of fun

Bob-sled thrills in Flying Waves



At Coney Island's Steeplechase Park he laughs—the day long. The sign at center reads "Tops Them All"—it may be beer, milk, or pink lemonade —according to taste. Old favorites of amusement parks are the mirrors, where long is short, and fat is thin



But his first real adventure in Coney Island was his building of the famous walk, the Bowery, on which he opened another first, the Surf Theater.

In 1896, with $1000 put by, he started Steeplechase Park—and thereat engraved his name at the head of the list of people who amuse people at amusement parks. Today that park is valued at $10,000,000 and is the largest in the world.

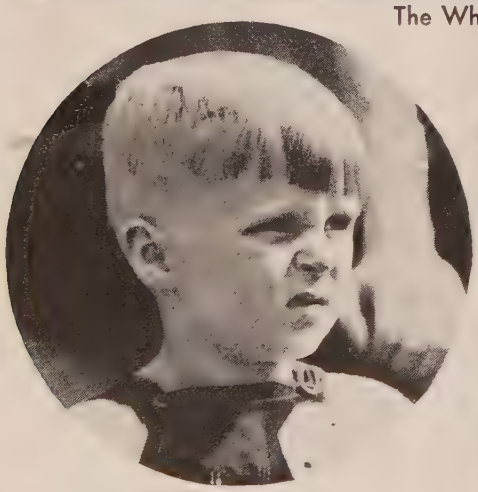
There were difficulties in the way. In 1907 fire destroyed the entire park. George besieged his friends for financial assistance to build a new one. But they were chary of amusements.

Casting about for a likely spot to sink a gold mine, George fell on to the idea of exhibiting the ruins of the old park. A high wall built about the ashes excluded all but those who would pay the 10-cent admission. And those who would pay were legion.

With the back-log of money from ashes, plus borrowed funds, he constructed the following spring a new Steeplechase Park worth $2,000,000.

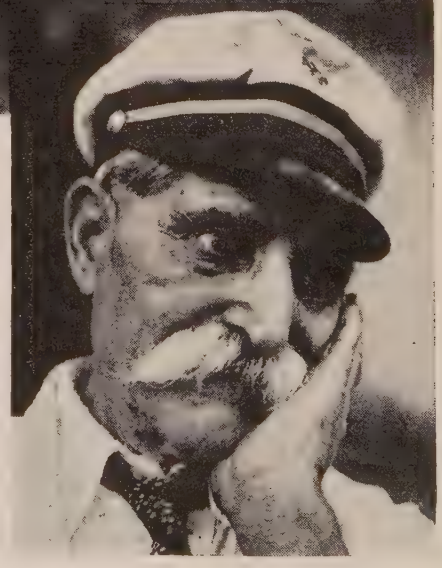
Wealthy again, George experimented with amusement parks in various cities

The Whirlpool becomes a subject for art photography



"Aw—that's for sissies"

The Whip is excitement tops for some, but for the Steeplechase cleaning man fun is a headache



across the country, but the only one of his remaining today, outside of the Coney Island business, is the Steeplechase Pier at Atlantic City, which is principally a dancing pavilion.

Steeplechase charges 50 cents admission, the ticket carrying the privilege of remaining in the park as long as you wish, with one ride on each of the 31 fun-producers,—all originated in the mind of George C. Tilyou.

Particularly popular during the heat of a New York City summer is the huge outdoor, fresh water swimming pool. It was built in 1912, two years before the death of George C. Its 100-yard length has been used by as many as 15,000 persons in one day.

Largest structure in the park is the pavilion, which houses more than half of the amusements offered. Measuring 400 by 600 feet, it could seat 6000 more persons than New York's Madison Square Garden.

Boon to tenement dwellers, who down 100,000,000 hot dogs at Coney every year, Steeplechase Park takes its patrons for a ride—but gives them their money's worth.

PROGRESS

An aroused public opinion halts the advance of C.I.O.

THE CRISIS in industrial unrest came with the C.I.O. membership drive on the lesser steel companies, and passed with the reopening of their mills. Only incidentally could these conflicts in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana be called strikes; in reality they were stoppages of work forced by minorities of workmen in order to win time to bring majorities into their organization. Coercion first; conversion afterward. These tactics had been tried with astonishing success in Michigan and the automobile industry; why did they fail with steel companies of less importance?

A complete answer is that the nature of these shrewd tactics and sharp practices had revealed itself during the preceding months of C.I.O. leadership. Automobile companies and towns were taken by surprise; steel companies and towns knew what to expect. They were prepared, morally as well as physically, to make a fight of it. The turn came with surprising swiftness when governors suddenly realized that public opinion ran strongly against C.I.O. Mayors and sheriffs, desperately holding on with small forces of police and deputies, received, almost overnight, adequate military support. Governors who sent national guardsmen into strike towns to restrain disorder soon found it advisable to use them in protecting property and the right of unorganized men to work.

For this change of front, Governor Davey of Ohio has been labeled the No. 1 Judas by C.I.O. speakers. But Governor Earle of Pennsylvania did practically the same thing in Johnstown, after he went there and felt the cold draft of public opinion blow on the back of his neck. Is he the No. 2 Judas? The truth is that no one heeds any longer these explosions of strike rhetoric. Not even the best friends of organized labor can countenance its excesses, after the people "in between" throw their weight into the scale for law and order.

WHILE Mr. Lewis accepted and used many novelties in strike procedure, he remained an old-fashioned labor leader in his scorn for public opinion. The existence of this vulnerable spot in his armor was soon discovered by his opponents. Thither they sent their darts. And as C.I.O. engineered one inconvenience to the public after another without so much as an expression of regret, the public soon concluded that there might be something in what employers and lawyers said about union invasion of rights. Men of small property began to think along with those of large property, and unorganized workers to resent being separated from their jobs by force. As soon as the latter were offered police protection they went back to work. Thin ranks of the organized minority could not hold against the growing sentiment stirred by C.I.O. attacks on law, custom, and the services on which decent living happens to depend.

This revolt of public opinion is less a revulsion against labor unionism or collective bargaining than one against the methods by which they have been sought by part of organized labor. The other massive coalition of workers, the American Federation of Labor, though sorely hit by secessions to C.I.O. in the beginning, has rallied from the shock and may be expected to gain ground henceforth from two sources. Its policy of observing contracts, avoiding strikes without notice, and its declaration against the confiscatory "sit-down," commends the A. F. of L. to many employers long antagonistic to unionism. Some of these already have called in A. F. of L. officials for bargaining, and more will do so. Likewise it is probable, now that its rival has been halted, that some of the constituent unions of C.I.O. will leave that body and return in due course to their old affiliation. Initial success of the rival movement was perhaps inevitable.

THERE ARE sound reasons for doubting the permanence of C.I.O. Thus far it has been far more adept at fighting than at bargaining or controlling its members. Can it now make the necessary transition toward responsibility? It is made up in large part of huge, vertical unions, which contain all varieties of labor from highly skilled to unskilled. The history of unionism contains more than one lesson on the difficulty of maintaining labor organization in large masses. We have seen both the Knights of Labor and the I.W.W. crumble in the past, to the betterment of craft unionism, which emphasizes the brotherhood of small groups rather than the class antagonism of large ones. The future of C.I.O. remains dubious in spite of its initial vigor. It has grown like the sumac; can it persist like the oak? Enduring institutions have a way of maturing slowly. C.I.O. leaders were not building wisely or with any thought of the requirements for permanency.

In assaying coolly the events of the past eight months in the labor drive, none can deny that unionism has made tremendous strides. Few will begrudge to labor such benefits as increased wages and shorter hours. To the extent that collective bargaining adds to a worker's pride and security, not many will object to those newly-acquired rights. What rouses popular resentment and estranges one-time sympathizers is the callous incendiarism by which these objectives were sought. Americans can stand only about so much turmoil, and then they turn with one accord to the guarantees of due process. On that rock we have made our stand at last. While we remain in that mood, illegal procedures can no longer win snap victories while complaisant officials look the other way. The labor crisis of 1937 apparently has passed.

Reading Around the World

NEWSPAPERS • MAGAZINES

Utopia by Sterilization	*American Mercury*	22
Movie Platform	*McCall's*	23
First Woman Doctor	*Coronet*	23
Looping for Whooping	*Haagsche Post*	24
Bronze Age Blonde	*Scientific American*	24
Englishmen—the Perfect Husbands	*Bachelor*	25
Those Queer Mormons	*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*	25
Mystery Animals	*National Review*	26
Tears, Idle Tears	*Courrier des Etats-Unis*	26
Misunderstood America	*Esquire*	27
Peace Recipe	*Minerva*	27
O-Blood, Not Blue-Blood	*Japan Advertiser*	27
The Doctor and the Lama's Daughter	*Pravda*	27
Mediterranean Maneuvers	*Foreign Affairs*	28

BOOKS • HERE AND ABROAD

Utopia by Sterilization

H. L. Mencken in *American Mercury*

DISCUSSING a few months ago the sorrows roweling the great Republic we live in, I ventured to throw out a double-headed suggestion. The first part of it was that an easy way to reduce those sorrows today, and almost obliterate them tomorrow, would be to sterilize large numbers of American freemen, both white and black, to the end that they could no longer beget their kind. The second part was that the readiest way to induce them to submit would be to indemnify them in cash.

"You had a nightmare, sir?" "Yes, I thought they had made me Minister of Finance." — Oeuvre, Paris

Not much argument is needed, I believe, to establish the prudence of the first half. We have far too many clients of the New Deal in this country, and they multiply at a rate that must disquiet every solvent lover of the flag.

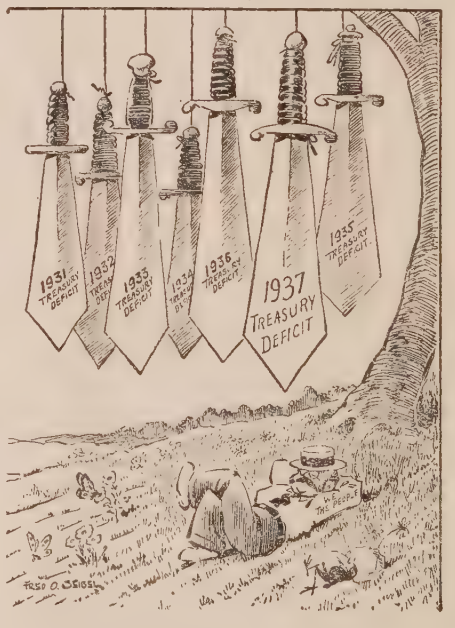
The same mad rush to reproduce goes on in all the other back-waters of the nation, including the slums of the cities. The midwives, in such places, are worked as hard as the sommeliers at a college reunion, and huge gangs of clergy are kept busy baptizing the young.

The generality of jail wardens, police captains, mental hygienists, coroners, truant officers, and other such experts agree unanimously that it would be a good thing if we could reduce the statistical differential that now runs so heavily in favor of the unfit.

The easy way out, and at the same time the humane way, would be to sterilize the males of the present generation, and so cut off the flow of their congenital and incurable inferiority. No damage, within their own definition of damage, would be done to these martyrs to elementary eugenics. The operation would carry no more risk of death or serious injury than pulling a milk tooth. Most important of all, it would not unfit them in the slightest for the exercise of their marital rights under the Corpus Juris Canonici and the Constitution of the United States.

Too stupid to make their way in the world, and having nothing to give it in return for life save a heritage of incompetence and misery for endless generations, they may surely be called on without injustice to yield up their one indubitable talent. And their betters will be relieved for all time of the burden of their diseased, stupid, wretched, and hopeless get.

I have also proposed that candidates for the scalpel be rounded up, not by sending sheriffs, United States marshals, or other such catchpolls after them, but by posting rewards for their voluntary submission. To be specific, I have suggested that the Federal government offer to pay $1000 to every adult American who will swear that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, God and Wall Street are both implacably against him, and that he is willing to climb on the table under his



Does nobody give a hoot? —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

own steam. Thus duress is avoided, and no customer will ever be able to complain that he was taken by chicanery or in violation of his inalienable rights under the last two strophes of the Fifth Amendment.

The one error I made was in setting the ante too high. I have since been informed by reliable correspondents in the sharecropper areas that an honorarium of as much as $1000 would cause riots and bloodshed in those parts. I accordingly reduce the honorarium to $100.

Movie Platform

Pare Lorentz in *McCall's*

If the movies belong to all of us, I should like, as a minor stockholder, to bring in my annual report to the management and tell them how to run their—pardon, I mean *our*—business. And by running, I mean managing— writing, editing, directing and casting have nothing to do with the business of the industry.

Uncle Sam:—"But Frank! You had it running so nicely—why take it apart again?"—New York Times.

Item Number One: No more double bills. Either a movie is worth seeing or it isn't, but it certainly isn't worth it if, after you have sat through the trailers, next week's announcements and the newsreel, instead of presenting what you paid your money to see, they first show you a *Turn Off The Moon* or *Outcasts of Poker Flat*. Even if you do like the feature you came to see, you are half-asleep, half-blind and hungry by the time it comes on.

Item Number Two: Better short subjects. This, of course, takes care of item one, and if you say, "Well, I've been saying that for years," you are quite right. We've all been saying it for years—that is my point. It's high time this word got to the management.

Item Number Three: It isn't any fun to go to a movie theater. In 1928-'29 the movie industry was whirled aloft by Wall Street and, among other things, they built hundreds of atrocious, ghastly mockeries of architecture, dripping with gilt filigree, illuminated by undertakers' lights, gaping with railroad terminal corridors, and called them theaters.

During the depression the carpets wore through, the gilt tarnished, and the corridors became dank, but with recovery they fixed that. They installed loudspeakers in the lobbies, banners and lithographs over the moldy walls, set up peanut and candy shops and phonograph stands in the corridors, so that now when you go to the movies you have the feeling you have wandered into the poorest section of Coney Island instead of a theater.

Item Number Four: The trailer must go. Even when the producers do make a good picture, they handicap themselves by rushing out a wild-eyed, noisy, meaningless short picture in which we are informed that the most gigantic, colossal, overpowering and unheard of production since *Ben Hur* will play in the theater next week.

Item Number Five: The critics. For years every newspaper in the country has abased itself and allowed Hollywood to review its own pictures. Thus, few of you can depend upon your daily newspaper for any sort of honest comment about the movies playing in your town.

Looks like he meant it this time!—N. Y. World-Telegram.

First Woman Doctor

Ida Clyde Clark in *Coronet*

Professional "First Ladies" have been widely exploited since freedom first began to ring for women. Yet there has been silence for more than sixty years concerning the most remarkable of them all—the first woman doctor.

At the time of her death in 1865 Dr. James Barry was an Army Inspector General of Hospitals for Great Britain.

For more than fifty years she lived and worked among men in many parts of the world, yet it was only after her death at the age of seventy-one that the secret of her sex was revealed.

When she died the London *Times* carried an extended story of her highly honorable professional career. Next day a crisp official report notified the Horse Guards that the Army Inspector General was a woman!

Up to the day of her death not the slightest shadow of suspicion concerning the doctor's secret had dawned upon those who had been closely associated with her —the officers and men of the army, the landlady of her lodgings, the black servant who had lived with her for many years.

When she entered college she was described as "a frail looking young man." During her student days she was aloof and queer. She would not box—this was queer indeed. Occasionally she showed such feminine instincts as nervousness at

"Oh grandma, what big teeth you have!"—The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE LABOR FRONT: The more abundant strife.—Phoenix Arizona Republic.

going through rough neighborhoods and repeated requests for fellow students to accompany her.

Seven years after she took her degree at Edinburgh she reappeared as an Army surgeon. Dr. Barry was by no means a model "young man." At Cape Town she was medical adviser to the Governor who described her "the most skillful of physicians and the most wayward of men."

On one occasion a man traveled in the same cabin with the Doctor on an intercolonial steamer plying between St. Thomas and Barbados. He occupied the top bunk, Dr. Barry, the Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, the lower. Every morning she called him early saying: "Now, youngster, clear out while I dress." He had to leave the stateroom whatever agonies of sea-sickness he might be suffering. A savage dog that she had with her saw to it that the injunction was obeyed.

In her numerous reports she proved herself a skillful, conscientious physician. She wrote fearlessly and frankly and was always ready to expose incompetence wherever she found it. She is responsible for many important reforms.

For high courage nothing could exceed the spirit of this woman who was so far ahead of her time that, to achieve her purpose, she renounced her sex.

Looping for Whooping

Haagsche Post

MANY people suffering from various ailments are advised to try a change of air, but they often ignore the advice because of the problems travel entails. Recently, however, a Dutch physician has shown by experiment that for a change of air one does not really have to travel very far. He advised the father of two of his young patients, who were suffering from whooping cough, to try to get relief by taking an airplane ride.

During the trip, which lasted one hour, the plane rose to a height of 10,000 feet. As the condition of the children at least did not grow any worse, their father took them up in the plane every day. After a few days, both children showed marked improvement, though neither of them had been given medicine of any kind. They recovered rapidly, whereas a third child who did not share the trips recuperated much more slowly.

Bronze Age Blonde

Sophie Wilds in *Scientific American*

NEARLY 3000 years ago on the peninsula of Jutland, a blonde, slender, bobbed-haired young woman died. They laid her to rest in that skilfully hollowed oak tree trunk. On a foundation of small stones the chest rested. Upon it was heaped a high mound of loose meadow ground and sandy earth. Since about 1000 B.C. this 14-foot barrow, like innumerable other such monuments, had guarded its secret. When the burial mound was cleared away and the box was opened that dim Bronze Age in which the young woman had lived was vividly recalled.

This woman envoy from ancient days had blonde hair, now stained by the tannic acid of the oak coffin. Cut short in a straight line across the forehead and slightly longer at the side, it had been held in a hair net of woven ribbons. Her brown woolen dress was in two pieces—elbow-sleeved blouse reaching somewhat below the waist and knee-length skirt of fringes, twisted double, held together at top and bottom by bands. These, together with a beautifully woven belt at the waist and a chased, bronze belt plate, contrived to produce the effect of a startlingly modern costume, well adapted for sports. Nor did the lady lack shoes, crude and primitive though these rag ones were. For ornaments, besides the belt plate, she had a tiny bronze earring and bronze bracelets which clasped both wrists. There was a cloth bundle at her side.

The woman's age was easily estimated by the teeth and, although the bones had entirely disappeared, such objects of wearing apparel as were present lay in the original position which they had occupied

The worm turned.—New York Herald-Tribune.

centuries ago when enfolding her body. Thus her height could be computed. A belt, knotted around her waist, served to measure her girth.

Who she was, in what manner she had lived, cannot be accurately concluded. Archeologists do not hesitate to place the period in which she lived at about the year 1000 B.C. She was a lady of the Bronze Age. The belt plate decorated in spirals testifies to that. The cloth bundle which, when opened, was found to contain the burned bones of a seven- or eight-year-old child—the little daughter of the woman, perhaps? Who can tell? Why was the child cremated when the woman was buried?

Englishmen—the Perfect Husbands

Barbara Cartland in *Bachelor*

IT is an indisputable fact that Englishmen do make the best husbands and the reason for this, which sounds at first strangely contradictory, is that Englishmen are the most selfish men in the world.

There is no doubt that England is a man's paradise. From birth he is the most important person in the household, "a monarch of all he surveys." The man grows up, therefore, with a high idea of his own value. Then in wedlock the Englishman expects to find something unique—someone worthy of his own unusual qualities, and strangely enough he often gets it.

Every English girl, deep down in her heart, does consider the man her superior. She may deny it, she may laugh at the suggestion, but she has been brought up under masculine rule; she knows the difficulty of finding a husband, she is alive to the very different social status which exists between a married woman and a spinster. She wants to be married, and at the same time she knows that her future depends entirely on whether she pleases the men she meets. Little wonder, then, that the English girl gets respect, which at times is almost a reverence, for mankind, and she shows it by adapting herself to them and their needs.

Nowhere in the world is man so supreme as an Englishman is in his own home; the old proverb, "An Englishman's home is his castle," is based on a national truth. "The Master" is the one person who matters from the semi-detached villa in the suburbs to the battlemented towers of a great ancestral castle. "The Master" has the final word in dispute, the final appeal for justice, the final decision on every subject of importance. And to the children of the household the final threat in all English homes, high or low, is: "Very well, I shall tell your father."

Because all human beings, especially women, are happier under discipline, the English home, in spite of easier divorce and the speed of modern living, continues to be a very happy place. Selfish, egotistical, often narrow-minded, and in old age pompous, the Englishman nevertheless gives his wife security, a priceless possession to women who have not yet learned to stand on their own feet and who instinctively don't want to. A man, to love, to cherish, to admire and to spoil, is what an Englishwoman asks of life.

And the innocent bystander gets his!—**Philadelphia Inquirer.**

Will it hold?—**Columbia Pennsylvania News.**

Those Queer Mormons

In *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

QUEER people, the Mormons.

They tried to settle at Independence, Mo., and at Nauvoo, Ill., but they weren't wanted.

Under the leadership of Brigham Young, they made a perilous trek to Utah where, as everyone knew, nothing would grow, and they made the desert blossom.

It was a tenet of their faith, as well as a means of producing badly-needed manpower, to engage in plural marriages, and this created a national scandal, though the Mormon wives themselves were quite satisfied with the arrangement.

Nineteenth century America had no use for a people like the Mormons, who

The two mad dogs of Europe.—Humanite, Paris.

practiced the old virtues to a puritanical degree and duplicated the kind of human society created by the ancient Jews.

Once more the Mormons are exhibiting queerness.

Not one of them is on relief.

A year and a half ago, 84,460 Mormons were accepting handouts from Washington. One in every six.

The church leaders, invoking the spirit of Brigham Young, became alarmed. They felt that the dole was sapping the character of the people. They felt that the more prosperous members were losing the fine feeling of responsibility for the less fortunate ones that is a tradition in the church.

So, as a moral measure—to re-establish independence, industry, thrift and self-respect—they launched a great drive to provide work for the unemployed.

Jobs were found in private employment, a private public works program was instituted in which men were paid, not in money, but in kind. The old tithing plan was put into effect, by which each farmer placed a share of his produce in the "Bishop's storehouse" for the needs of the poor.

In a year, every one of the 84,460 Mormons was off the relief rolls.

America needs more such queer people.

Mystery Animals

Frank W. Lane in *National Review*

A BIG-GAME hunter was once sent to an African village to investigate the story of raids which were being made on stock and human beings by an unknown animal. The hunter decided to find out if anything crossed a certain area which lay between the forest and the stricken village. A sandy track was made and then swept clean and smooth, so that even the smallest animal could not walk over it without leaving its trail. The hunter was awakened in the early hours of the morning by an alarmed growl from his dog. Before he could get out of bed there was a sudden commotion in the tent, an awful howl and a dying yelp.

On the sandy track they found footprints. They were four times as big as a man's and showed the imprint of three large clawed toes. From the description given by the natives and from his own observations of its footprints the hunter was of the opinion that this particular "mystery animal" was the Nandi Bear.

Although the cautious naturalist views its existence with suspicion (one of them wrote to me recently: "such animals as the Nandi Bear and the like find little favour in our eyes"), men who have spent their lives in the African wilds are far less incredulous. Selous, perhaps the greatest of all African hunters, believed in it.

A queer story was told to a Cape Town journalist by a well-known South African hunter, Mr. F. Grobler, after he had made a trip into the interior. He told of a weird monster known among the natives of the Dilolo swamps in Angola as a "Chepekwe."

"I think it is a member of the dinosaur family," he said. "Its weight would be about four tons and it attacks rhino, hippo and elephants. Hunters have heard the chepekwe devouring a dead rhino—crushing the bones and tearing out huge lumps of meat. It has the head and tail of a lizard.

Then there is the monster of Lake Edward. It is declared to have a hippo's legs, an elephant's trunk and a lizard's head. A man who trekked up from the Cape saw it tearing its way through the reeds of a swamp and he declared it was none other than a brontosaurus — a monster ten times as big as an elephant.

But it is not from Africa alone that these strange reports of "mystery animals" are received. To quote Joseph Delmont, who spent a life-time in collecting wild animals for the zoos of Europe: "Even today there are in every part of the world inaccessible areas where there certainly exist wild creatures unknown to naturalists." He mentions particularly the scaled rhino of Java. This beast has twice been shot in the fever-ridden swamps which constitute its home but, so far, no living specimen has been captured.

Some forty years ago a traveller in Patagonia found some remains of the Mylodon, or Giant Sloth, which were in such good condition that Sir Ray Lankester, who was then head of the Natural History Museum, declared that they must have come from animals which were living until quite recent times. He even admitted the possibility that in some of the unexplored regions of this locality a few of these great beasts, which grew to a length of eighteen feet or more and weighed many tons, might still be in existence!

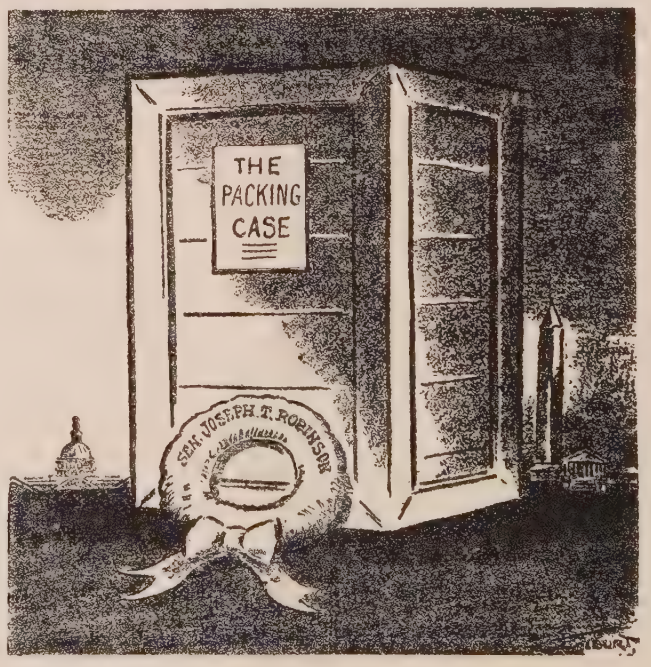
And if creatures which the naturalists of yesteryear declared to be extinct are still roaming in little-known regions, may it not also be that in still more inaccessible parts of the world animals exist which would give a respectable naturalist the shock of his life were he to come face to face with them?

Misunderstood America

Luigi Barzini, Jr. in *Esquire*

WHAT the average European thinks about the United States deserves an investigation by the Department of State. New bewildering bits of information pop up every month from nowhere. Some maintain a vague relation to reality; others are as industriously fanciful as Alice's travel experiences.

We have gathered only some of the most important bits, including some of



A poor monument for a grand soldier.—N. Y. World-Telegram.

the latest ones. Here are a few of the things Europeans believe about the United States:

That no American ever ate anything that did not come out of a tin can.

That most Americans live on the hundredth floor of a skyscraper.

That Americans love work above everything else. That they would much rather work than loaf, read, fish or swim. That if they have no work to do they become unhappy and restless.

That American automobiles are so cheap that it doesn't pay to have them repaired. One throws them away, as one throws an old newspaper. The cost of a general overhaul is usually higher than the price of a new car.

That, when they arrive in Venice, Americans really believe the town is flooded.

That American men keep their hats on when entering a house and always put their feet on a desk.

That when there is a stock exchange crash thousands of people jump from the top of skyscrapers.

That Americans can drink anything.

That some Americans are very civilized and cultured, but they live in Europe.

That Americans get drunk because they have no art.

That an American wedding is always accompanied by the *Wedding March* from Lohengrin.

That street battles between cops and gangsters are so common that, after a while, you are not even disturbed in your sleep by fusillade and musketry reports. Cops invariably chase gangsters' cars at top speed, pumping bullets into passers-by. Occasionally one sees a bullet-riddled corpse thrown out of a swiftly passing car.

That Americans always win at every sport.

That the Americans love the English because they are cousins.

Peace Recipe

Guglielmo Ferrero
in *Minerva*

I BELIEVE that there is one book which must be read by the ruling classes of the Western World in order to bring to an end the moral and political crises from which the world is suffering and that book is the Penal Code.

I would particularly recommend the sections dealing with homicide, theft, falsification of money, breaking of contracts, fraud, illegal use of armed forces and all military rebellions.

O-Blood, Not Blue-Blood

Japan Advertiser

FUTURE Japanese diplomats will all have O-type blood if Dr. Tsunemasa Niigaki, physician attached to the Foreign Office, has his way. He has recommended that this be made one of the qualifications for entering the nation's foreign service and bases it on what he claims to be scientific tests.

Diplomats are traditionally distinguished by their pale and scholarly countenance. However, robust men are needed for this work today, the physician maintains, and those with high O-type blood are held to be best equipped for this work

Premier Konoe is a possessor of O-type blood, and public leaders in all parts of the world have been discovered to have it From this standpoint. Dr. Niigaki insists, it is desirable that Japan's representatives abroad be similarly equipped.

He lists the attributes of a possessor of O-type blood as evenness of mind freedom from blinding passions, tenacity of purpose, independence of thought, powerful mentality. decisiveness, strong will, perseverance and outward gentleness in contrast to strong inner conviction. What characteristics, he asks, could be more desirable for a diplomat?

Three men on a camel.
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Relaying the message.
—Buffalo Evening News

Dr. Karl Landsteiner, of Germany, in 1901 laid the foundation for the classification of human blood by studying the reaction between red corpuscles and serums from different people. Since then bloods have been typed as O, A, B and AB. Knowledge of this has permitted scientific blood transfusions and identifications of parentage

The Doctor and the Lama's Daughter

Karrio in
Pravda

THIS happened in one of the largest and most renowned monasteries of Outer Mongolia where 1700 monks, or lamas gather for worship.

At a short distance from the monastery, a cluster of small, clean houses—post-office, gasoline depot, primary school—constitute the regional center. They form a point of resistance to the age-old influence of the monastery.

To the still empty hospital of this center there came, last winter, a woman doctor called Yakovleva. She was twenty-three years old and her medical experience consisted of two months as an interne in a Moscow hospital. Becoming convinced that there was nobody within a hundred miles who could translate for her, Dr. Yakovleva studied her *Mongolian Self-Taught* manual and waited for patients.

No patients came. The reason for that became obvious when she called a meeting to expound hygiene. Bavu, the medicine-man from the monastery, appeared among her auditors and announced she was wrong. Lice were not caused by dirt, but came out of the pores of the skin like perspiration. In proof he brought one of his relatives who had the strange custom of taking a bath every month and even changing his clothes, but who was still infested. The assembly agreed with him, and the Russian girl retired in confusion.

However, after she had successfully treated a lama for eczema, Mongols began to come to her—all with skin diseases. Unexpectedly, she had become a skin specialist. She realized that all the medicine-men had tacitly abandoned that field to her, reserving all the others for themselves.

One day a Chinese rendered desperate by the failure of these worthies to cure his wife, sick with typhus, brought her to the doctor on his back. In two weeks Yakovleva had her on the road to recovery. Then Bavu, the medicine-man managed to gain admittance to the patient and she died under his ministrations.

That was the last straw. Yakovleva jumped on her horse to have it out with the monastery authorities. She did not know that at that very moment a momentous decision was being taken in the monastery.

The head lama or abbot, had a seventeen year old daughter who had been sick for several days. The medicine-man had given her up for lost and advised the lama to have her cast outside before sundown if he did not want his monastery defiled by the presence of a corpse. The lama agreed, so that when Yakovleva approached the monastery, she saw several monks lowering a body on the rubbish-pile outside of their wall.

This did not surprise her. She knew the Mongolian custom of exposing their dead in the open instead of burying them. But when she came nearer she noticed that the girl still breathed.

Yakovleva jumped down and lifted the girl across her saddle. Leading the horse by the reins she returned to the hospital without having seen the chief lama.

A week later a high dignitary from the monastery created a stir by coming into

In Russia now—it's an ill wind. — Glasgow Record.

her reception room. He had come to claim the body. Yakovleva opened the door to the next room and there was the lama's daughter, very much alive, thin, but with a gay smile showing her white teeth.

"Your medicine-men condemned her to death," said Yakovleva, "but I cured her. She only had the measles!"

Now all the lamas are her patients. Herdsmen come from far and near whenever they are in need of attention. As for

Peace in the Mediterranean.—Kladderadatsch, Berlin.

the girl who was the cause of this change, she decided to remain at the hospital, hoping to become a nurse and later a doctor.

Mediterranean Maneuvers

William L. Langer in *Foreign Affairs*

It is common knowledge that in September 1935 the British, having assembled an immense armada from the four corners of the globe, were obliged to withdraw their naval forces from Malta and concentrate them at Alexandria and Haifa, where the larger part remained until a year later. The British were caught frankly unprepared. Their fleet had been neglected, their bases were not up to par, their air power in the Mediterranean wholly inadequate. They made the best they could of a very nasty situation.

In view of the collapse of the League system and the surprising strength of Italy in the Mediterranean, the British were not at all certain that they could maintain themselves in that sea in time

Stalin's third marriage: "There, my treasure, are your wedding gifts."—Il 420, Florence.

of war. In the spring of 1936 there were many who advocated the abandonment of the route and a policy of sealing it at either end. In that case the commerce from the Middle and Far East would be transferred to the Cape route. As this is eighty per cent longer the carrying capacity of the merchant marine would be reduced proportionately. For more than

"If this demonstration in the Mediterranean is unconvincing I shall not hesitate to send a squadron to the waters of Lake Geneva."—Oeuvre Paris.

a generation the British have been accustomed to the thought of having to fall back on the Cape route, but this solution presents serious difficulties at present.

The British Government is determined to use the shorter route if it is humanly possible to do so. It has embarked upon an elaborate program of naval and air rearmament which will give Britain twenty-five capital ships and the corresponding number of cruisers, destroyers and submarines by 1942 and which will bring the air force up to about 5,000 planes by 1940.

Diplomatically the English have been just as active. In October of last year British squadrons visited all the key ports of Greece and in November a Turkish force paid a visit to Malta, stopping at the Piræus on the return voyage. It is essential for England to keep Greece on her side, for the Greek harbors would be invaluable in time of war. But Turkey is even more important and British relations with Kemal Atatürk are better than they have ever been since the war.

In many discussions of the Mediterranean problem there has been a tendency to underestimate the potential strength of the British position. If they keep enough airplanes, cruisers, destroyers and submarines in the Mediterranean they may be able to pass at least part of their normal commerce over this route by the convoy system. Italy's defensive position is more precarious, for her whole empire lies along this route and fully eighty percent of Italy's imports come by sea.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

"Dear Mr. President"

by Ben Whitehurst

THE volume of the President's mail varies from 2000 to 7000 communications daily, depending upon a number of phenomena, interesting to observe. For example, bad weather increases the number, for not only are the needs greater when the weather is uncomfortable, but confinement indoors encourages letter writing.

The mail comes from all quarters, and from every walk of life. President Roosevelt's mail is different from that of any preceding President because the public has recently become Washington-conscious, but chiefly because in his radio fireside chats Mr. Roosevelt cordially invites the people to write to him of their problems. With stark realism, they bare their innermost thoughts.

Because of their evidences of ingenuous faith in the omnipotence of the President, many letters prove to be choice bits of picturesque humor. In most cases the humor is unintentional:

"I never saw a President I wold write to until youve got in your place, but I have always felt like you and your wife and your children were just as common as we are."

"I am asking you if some man would come and marry me, and I ask that you furnish the house and I wish you would ask people to buy dishes and things to keep me with. If I get a husband with some money, he must have an automobile. If Rockefeller and Carnegie would help, I would invite them all to come to dinner."

"I hear that the WPA are employing writers, and I hearby apply for a position. I have never written anything, so I ought to be chuck full of ideas."

"I am writing this letter in longhand so that your stenographer may not know its contents. It is strictly confidential. I don't even want you to tell Mrs. Roosevelt about it."

"Next month wife is getting a baby. The relief office says it is alright and is going to pay for it. Wife and I think it would be nice if we called the baby

WILLIAM BAUM

Bill's is an interesting letter—

"I work in cast-iron, run an automatic screw machine at Delco-Remy and the fine iron dust that gets onto a fellow's face makes it almost suicide to try to shave every day with an ordinary razor. Well, I broke down and bought one of these Schick Shavers and what a life-saver it turned out to be."

"You know, after about 17 years of struggling, I finally have this shaving problem whipped."

Shaves extraordinary faces

The Schick Shaver is good for all kinds of beards—from the new soft down on a boy's cheek to the toughest, wiriest beard ever grown. Each day brings us stories of Schick shaving under all kinds of different conditions—skin troubles, sun-burn, easy-bleeding skins, bed-ridden patients, blind men, cripples and older men who had never shaved themselves until they bought a Schick.

For five years men have used the Schick every day. (There are more than a million users now.) They know they can shave quickly, closely and they cannot cut themselves. There are no blades in the Schick. You use no lather. Users testify that the Schick pays for itself over and over again.

Why postpone painless shaving another day?

Go to an authorized Schick dealer. Ask him to show you how simply you could learn this new method which is changing the shaving habits of the world.

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT
Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco.
In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores.

SCHICK SHAVER

YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSLEY

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre
43rd year. Graduates: Lee Tracy, Peggy Shannon, Fred Astaire Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Speech, Musical Comedy, Opera. Personal Development, Culture, Stock Theatre Training appearance while learning. For catalog write Secretary LIPTON, 66 West 85 St., N. Y.

High School Course at Home — Many Finish in 2 Years
Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Equivalent to resident school work—prepares for entrance to college. Standard H. S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H. S. subjects already completed. *Single subjects if desired.* Free Bulletin on request. American School, Dpt. HC-25, Drexel at 58th, Chicago

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 852-L Chicago

23 LANGUAGES
SPEAK ANY MODERN LANGUAGE IN 3 MONTHS BY LINGUAPHONE
UNIQUE METHOD BRINGS VOICES OF NATIVE MASTERS INTO YOUR OWN HOME..SEND FOR FREE BOOK
LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE
13 Rockefeller Center · New York

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist,** and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy **terms** for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. *Address*
Stephenson Laboratory, 3 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS
August *Famous Stories*
Featuring **Undress Parade** by Anatole France, **The Woman in Red** by Muriel Campbell Dyar, **An Amateur Peasant Girl** by Alexander Pushkin and other stories.
Only 10c a copy

SPECIALLY FOR BABY
Hospitals rely on Cuticura. Baby's touchy skin deserves this *special* care.
Good Housekeeping Bureau
CUTICURA
SOAP and OINTMENT

FERA, the name of your relief outfit. If Congress has no protest and its name is alright with you will you please let me know by letter."

"Just a few lines to let you hear from me. I am not so well, hope when these few lines reach you they will find you the same. I cant get a fitting place to stay. I want you to please paper me a house of my own. Write me and let me know where to come. I will close.

"Truly yours,"

"We had a letter from your place of business. Glad you got yourself elected. Glad so many demicrats in. Write often.

"Your friend,"

"I want to no if —— has redersted in the New Nited States he has gray eyes sandie hair waight about 140 or 50 pounds high about 5 feet 8 walks a little pigeon toed spits through teeth had big toe cut off but it was put back on. I want to no about him if you no." (*Dear Mr. President,* E. P. Dutton and Co., $1.00)

Censorship in South America

by Robert W. Desmond

Not the least of the journalist's difficulties in Latin-American countries has been censorship. Most of the countries in that part of the world had nominally free presses between the time they won their independence from Spain in 1820 until about 1930 and years following, when revolutions occurred in several of the countries. Even before that time, however, the presses of some countries were under the control of governments.

One of the more ingenious types of censorship was instituted for the first time, as far as known, in the Argentine. Although no official government censorship of the press was announced or admitted, and the domestic press was, in fact, left free of government restrictions or instructions, the foreign correspondents found themselves somewhat hampered by an indirect censorship. The cable companies are owned by foreign capital, and operate under franchise from the Argentine Government. These countries were informed that if any messages unwelcome or unfriendly to the government were transmitted over the facilities of any one of those companies, the offending company would lose its franchise. That ruling caused the cable companies to set up censorships of their own to protect their investments while the government was able to say that it never censored the news.

Much the same method was adopted by Chile and Brazil. The Government of Chile dictated a decree in 1931 forbidding any action tending to introduce "distrust or uncertainty" in national affairs. The penalty for doing so was to be "minor exile in medium to maximum grades." The decree held that those who spread "false or harmful news or information designed to produce or introduce distrust or disturbance in the order, tranquality and security of the country, in the financial regimes or in the stability of public securities or properties," would be "guilty of a crime against the interior security of the State," and would be punished by exile.

Authorities informed foreign writers that the law would be applied to anything appearing in the form of news sent out of Chile which the government deemed "unpleasant" or "injurious," without consideration for the truth of the story. Furthermore, any news bearing a Chilean date line, appearing in the paper or papers represented by a given correspondent, would be presumed to have been written by that correspondent or, in the case of news distributed by a press association, to have been written by its correspondent in Chile.

In Brazil a somewhat similar indirect censorship was instituted following the revolution of 1931. The result of the Brazilian censorship was that news of events in that country supplied for foreign use began to come, often inaccurately, from Montevideo in Uruguay; and through amateur radio operators, travelers arriving from Brazil, and by other indirect channels.

But the news from Uruguay itself was censored in 1934 when political unrest worried the authorities. A labor situation was sufficiently serious to result in a strike preventing the publication of any Montevideo newspapers on December 2, 1933 when the Seventh Pan-American Congress was assembling in the capital. Foreign correspondents on hand to report the Conference filed cables about the strike, but the messages never were sent.

The Argentine Government made an attempt in 1935 to force foreign press associations and newspapers with representation in the Argentine to post a large cash bond for each correspondent. If the correspondent wrote a dispatch that was considered untrue by the government the bond would be forfeited; and the bond was to remain on deposit for three years after the correspondent left the country, still subject to confiscation if anything that he wrote displeased the government. Even the domestic press attacked this plan, so that it was dropped by the government almost as soon as it was declared effective, and without any bonds having been posted by any one!

Venezuela has long had a strict censorship, while Peru and Mexico have had restrictions in force from time to time. Ecuador, Colombia, Panama and some other countries of Latin America do not have constant censorships, but stand ready to impose them in a political or other crisis. (*The Press and World Affairs,* D. Appleton-Century Co., $4.00)

MOVIES

(Important current releases)

The Toast of New York (RKO)—Its boisterous charm crackles from the first sequence when Jim Fisk is only a medicine show faker indulging his embryonic financial genius in the sale of soap. Methods are questionable and sales healthy. Neither are more than a bare hint of Erie stock speculations to come.

The film is a romanticized biography of Jim Fisk, whose actual life needs editing in the interest of the Hays office rather than of pungent movie material. Into his meteoric and ruthless career is woven a picture of American fortunes in the making, of Wall Street in the 'Sixties when it was as lusty as the gold towns and as glamorous as Vienna.

Such a panorama is good sport—and unusual. Uncle Dan'l Drew, Commodore Vanderbilt, Fisk, Gould and the rest have received scant attention from the purveyors of entertainment. Yet, in the words of Charles and Mary Beard, "To draw the American scene as it was unfolded between the Civil War and the end of the Nineteenth Century, without these dominant figures looming in the foreground, is to make a shadow picture."

Matthew Josephson's *The Robber Barons* and Bouck White's *The Book of Daniel Drew* provided the source material for the celluloid version of Dudley Nichols, John Twist and Joel Sayre. Bowdlerized though it is, *The Toast* still looks like the year's most extravagant burlesque.

Into this slapstick era of high finance Edward Arnold walks as Jim Fisk. People who found his Jim Brady too lovable will say he was specially created for this role. Fisk's generosity and popularity are as celebrated as his deft manipulation of stock. In such a role, Arnold's talents are lavish and exact. The same goes for little Donald Meek, who must have been waiting all his life to play the penny-pinching, God-fearing hypocrite, Daniel Drew, and Clarence Kolb, who shakes a turbulent Vanderbilt fist before his fine Vanderbilt profile.

When Fisk is not outwitting Uncle Dan'l's Erie control, his booming laugh rocks New York and his jewels drown his actress-mistress, Josie Mansfield, played by Frances Farmer, last seen in *Come and Get It*. She sings that new hit, *The First Time I Saw You*. The scenarists have given Fisk two fictitious partners, Cary Grant for love-interest and Jack Oakie for comedy.

The Fort Taylor Episode, Pike's Opera House, and Black Friday are historically accurate, though no one today will believe it. When the Commodore can no longer absorb the watered stock Fisk kept grinding out (Fisk once said publicly, "If this printing press don't break down, I'll be damned if I won't give the old hog all he wants of Erie!") he has an injunction issued for the arrests of Drew and Fisk. They escape to New Jersey where they take over Taylor Hotel, changing its name to Fort Taylor, if you please, and guarding themselves and ten million in cash with militiamen from the regiment in which Fisk had bought himself a colonelship.

Hollywood never invented offices more dazzling than those Fisk subsequently sets up on the second floor of Pike's Opera House, where the irrepressible Jim abandons Erie puddles to make himself bigger than the very government. His attempt to corner the gold market culminates in the famous Black Friday of 1869.

Inaccuracies of detail must be forgiven Rowland V. Lee's charming exposé of old New York and the lawless vigor of its leading citizens. Movie-goers, except a few of Wall Street's dearest families, may even hope that this is the first in a film cycle dedicated to Jay Gould, the Commodore himself, the elder Morgan, the first Rockefeller and the rest of Mr. Josephson's much publicized Robber Barons.

Saratoga (MGM)—Jean Harlow died before completing her work in this film. In other words, it makes little difference whether the picture is good or bad. Morbid interest in Miss Harlow's last days and curiosity as to how much her substitute looks like her will sweep a good ninety per cent of the nation's moviegoers to have a look. From a box-office standpoint *Saratoga* is sure-fire. It isn't much, though.

The story, as the title indicates, fairly reeks race track. That statement is literal, in spite of the fact that talkies are not yet equipped with odor. Frank Morgan has a role which involves sneezing every time he gets near a horse. Between katchoos he gets all tangled up in as complex and typical an equine drama as you'll find. Wall Street broker and handsome bookmaker compete for hand of beautiful girl who wants security, but was born on the best stud farm this side of Kentucky. Since Clark Gable is the bookie, no one ought to be stampeded with surprise by the outcome.

In justice to Anita Loos and Robert Hopkins, authors of this original screen play, they had a tough time getting the whole business to ring true. The end had to be rewritten after Miss Harlow's death, for Mary Dees, her near double, still can't imitate every gesture.

In further justice:—Louis B. Mayer had no intention of releasing this picture. It was amply insured—as all movies are—by Lloyds. He thought it would be bad taste to try making money on it, especially as he stood no chance of losing any. Squawks from the public finally made him relent.

Cary Grant, Frances Farmer, Edward Arnold in *The Toast of New York*—the last two as Josie Mansfield and Jim Fisk

The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

Found on a Freshman's registration card:—Name of parents: "Mamma and Papa."—*Columbia Jester.*

A.D. 1937—A very nice old lady had a few words to say to her grand-daughter. "My dear," said she, "I wish you would do something for me. I wish you would promise me never to use two words. One is swell and the other is lousy. Would you promise me that?"

"Why, sure, Granny," said the girl. "What are the words?"

Short Cut—*Wife:* "Dear, I saw the sweetest little hat downtown today."

Husband: "Put it on; let's see how you look in it."—*Rail.*

Thoughtful—A fashionably dressed woman approached the flower-seller and asked for a shilling's worth of blooms. After the purchase she inquired:

"Will you be here next Wednesday, as I shall want some flowers for my daughter? She's coming out that day."

"She shall have the best on the market, ma'am," the woman answered. "What's she in for?"—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

Career Man—"It ain't that I'm afraid to work, ma'am, but there ain't much doing in my particular line."

"Why, what are you?"

"I'm a window-box weeder, ma'am."—*Farm & Ranch.*

Hush Money—*Pop:* "Well, I received a note from your teacher today."

Son: "Honest, Pop? Give me a quarter and I won't breathe a word about it."—*Capper's Weekly.*

Old Reprint—"So I gets him by the wrist—then I turns his leg up like this—then I turns it down like this—and before I know it—I'm flat on my back."—*Columbia Jester.*

"You offer me fifty lire for such a masterpiece? I am not starving yet."
"Then I will come again later."—Guerin Meschino, Milan.

"Call a doctor, my darling Persians have fainted!'
"What's wrong with them?"
"They just saw a mouse."—Guerin Meschino, Milan.

OR SO THEY SAY—

Ohio Gov. Davey: "The right to work is sacred; so is the right to strike."

Lady Astor: "I can't understand all this talk about horrors in Germany while nothing is said about Russia."

William Green: "We cannot permit all organized labor to be penalized because of the stupid mistakes of the C.I.O."

T. A. Jackson: "In the name of science (Freudian brand) the Communist party of the U. S. A. must turn itself into a cult for the adoration of Earl Browder!"

Reditorial, New Masses: "It is said that the tree of liberty must be watered with the blood of patriots. The Spanish tree grows straight, and tall, and strong . . ."

Wall Street Journal: "Some of the certificates used as wallpaper at Chicago's Union League Club have been showing an increase in value. Owners are now steaming them off."

Evening Standard, London: "The ballad is the backbone of the publishing business and is also essentially British in character."

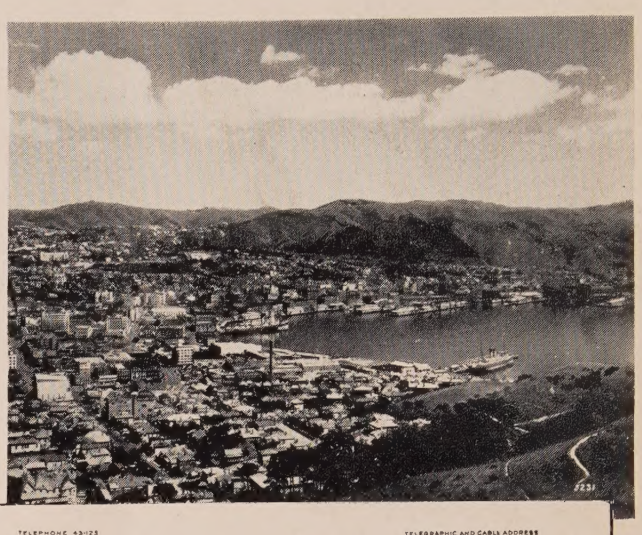
Prof. N. W. DeWitt: "If women had not gone on reducing diets, the recent world depression would never have occurred."

General Ludendorff: "I take the old Teutons as my example in everything; their heroic heathen faith is my law."

General Göring: "Our Four-Year-Plan is based on two factors: coal and intelligence. We have an unlimited amount of both."

Dr. Joseph Goebbels: "In no country of the world is there as much objective criticism as in Germany. This criticism, however, is not made in public."

In New England—and New Zealand —advertising in the Monitor pays



FIRST NATIONAL STORES INC.

5 MIDDLESEX AVENUE · SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

(Excerpt)

We have just completed ten years of continuous advertising in The Christian Science Monitor and wish to express our thanks to this paper and its readers for their staunch support.

We use over one hundred newspapers throughout New England, but from none have we had the response to our advertisements as from the subscribers to The Christian Science Monitor.

Very sincerely yours,
FIRST NATIONAL STORES INC.
J.M. Duane
Advertising Manager

JMD/B

TELEPHONE 43-125

TELEGRAPHIC AND CABLE ADDRESS 'DRAPZEALA'

THE DRAPERY AND GENERAL IMPORTING CO OF NEW ZEALAND LTD

P.O. BOX 1475
Wellington N.Z.
AND AT CHRISTCHURCH DUNEDIN WANGANUI AND 17 & 18 BASINGHALL ST LONDON

(Excerpt)

Our object in writing to you is to express our appreciation of the support which we have consistently received from Monitor readers in Wellington and district, and to convey our opinion that advertising in the "Monitor" has proved entirely satisfactory and has brought us tangible results.

Yours faithfully,
THE DRAPERY & GENERAL IMPORTING CO. OF N.Z. LTD.,
W. Simm
MANAGER.

WS MW

Twenty-three thousand seven hundred ninety-seven business establishments, in thirty-four countries, advertised in The Christian Science Monitor in 1936. The complete story of the Monitor, and the high returns it gives advertisers, will be presented to any advertiser of a meritorious product or service who requests it.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

PUBLISHED BY THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY, ONE, NORWAY STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

NEW YORK OFFICE: 500 FIFTH AVENUE

OTHER BRANCH OFFICES: Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, Kansas City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Miami . . . London, Paris, Geneva

A DAILY NEWSPAPER FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Copyright 1937, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.